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# THE LIVING AGE

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## A WEEK OF THE WORLD

### ITALY, THE MEDITERRANEAN, AND THE LEAGUE

ITALY'S ambition to be mistress of the Mediterranean, toward which undisputed control of the Adriatic is but a step, is not of recent origin. Indeed, this ambition, the strength of which varies with international contingencies, has been the principal motive in her foreign policy next to the accomplishment of Italian unity. It is natural, therefore, to relate the Corfu crisis with that phase of her diplomacy.

Unquestionably, if we go back to proximate causes, this is right. But there were two immediate factors in Italy's recent action that must not be overlooked: Mussolini's wish to divert the attention of the public from troublesome domestic questions that threatened his popularity, and the spontaneous indignation that thrilled Italy at the outrage perpetrated on the Albanian frontier. The complete story of the experiences of the Commission prior to the assassinations has not been told. It is said that Greek officers attached to the Commission had previously been discovered removing the boundary posts established by the Commission, and that these incidents had already caused bad blood among the representatives of the

three nationalities concerned. Had the boundary episode in itself, unprejudiced by Italy's subsequent acts, been brought before a bar of world opinion, Greece might have suffered more — at least in moral prestige — than she will under the present settlement. But that is debating a trial before its adjudication by the Court of History.

Coming to the Corfu incident, we face a distinct question. Italy's arbitrary action — so far as can be gathered from the European press — instantly solidified international opinion against her. The only conspicuous exception was France, where the public was divided between those who championed Italy in the hope of obtaining from her a *quid pro quo* in the form of support for Poincaré's Ruhr policy, and those who identified the spirit of Italy's ultimatum and subsequent aggression with that of Austria's ultimatum to Serbia and declaration of war against that country nine years ago. In England there was hardly a dissenting voice in the general disapprobation, despite the fact that British statesmen were sedulously courting Italy's friendship in the Reparations controversy. Apart from her obligation as a signatory Power to the Covenant, however, her action would seem as well

justified as our seizure, in 1914, of Vera Cruz.

The influence of the League of Nations upon the settlement was debated with more vigor and less disposition to drop the subject than the right and wrong of the issue itself. *La Tribuna*, a Rome national liberal daily that has joined the ranks of Mussolini's supporters, declared: —

Italy does not recognize the jurisdiction of the League of Nations in this question, and if the League insists Italy's *ultima ratio* will be to abandon the League, although this may imply giving that institution, which is none too stable anyway, its *coup de grâce*. . . . We may add furthermore that the duties of the League of Nations are essentially those of an arbiter. . . . But what arbitration can there be between the criminal who commits a bloody murder and his victim?

The *Prager Tagblatt*, which speaks for the German element in Czechoslovakia, but probably reflects the sentiment of all elements of the population in an affair like this, observed: —

It is an error to imagine that Italy merely wishes to humiliate Greece. Mussolini's plans are by no means so modest. A person who has followed Italy's policy toward the Balkans, and toward the nations of Central Europe that border on the Balkans, since the end of the war, will recognize that Greece is only an excuse, and that Rome's purposes reach further. Italy's foreign policy, up to the present, practically compels the conclusion that the regrettable incident on the Greek frontier is being made to serve only as an opportunity for her to realize her plan of crushing the Balkan nations in the Balkans, and the Central European Nations in Middle Europe, and making herself mistress of their territories.

No marked disposition appears in the European press to consider the intervention of the Council of Ambassadors a defeat of the League. After all, both are agents of interna-

tional understanding — coadjutors as much as rivals.

The Supreme Council, organized by the Allies during the war as an international coördinating agency, passed on its functions to the Council of Ambassadors, consisting of representatives of the Allied Powers at Paris, with an American not infrequently present, — in a noncompromising if not an uncompromising capacity, — soon after the Peace Conference adjourned. When the meetings of the Allied premiers, which had succeeded the Council of Four that had emanated from the Council of Ten at the Paris Conference, ceased to be held, apparently on account of the personal hostility between Lloyd George and Poincaré and the latter's distrust of talk as a panacea for the ills of nations, the functions of such meetings were naturally added to some extent to the Ambassadors' Council. In the present instance the Council of the League and the Council of Ambassadors nominally exercised concurrent jurisdiction, although the decisive word came from the latter. The important point is that there was an international agency ready to deal with such a crisis — something that was lacking in 1914.

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#### THE COMPETENCY OF THE LEAGUE

EXCEPT for an occasional discordant note from irreconcilable Tories, who jeer at the League of Nations from habit, the responsible press of Great Britain was practically a unit in condemning Italy's self-centred interpretation of her relations to that body at the time of the Corfu crisis. The Conservative *Saturday Review* recapitulated the history of League interventions, and concluded that they had been profitless wherever 'serious questions' were involved, and that 'moral

power' is helpless in such cases, because nations differ hopelessly in their understanding of the facts from which moral conclusions are deduced. Therefore Mussolini's defiance was natural, whether justifiable or not. Consequently, 'it looks as if the position of the League was hopeless — and, considering realities, we cannot pretend to be altogether sorry.'

On the other hand, the Radical *New Statesman* averred: —

No intelligent person can regard the Italian argument against the League's competence as serious. . . . Almost every difference that arises between one State and another can be represented as a question of honor, and to say that the framers and signatories of the Covenant never thought of such a possibility is to suggest that they were congenital idiots. . . . The overwhelming mass of public opinion is, we believe, convinced that Signor Mussolini has put himself badly in the wrong, and that the League must be supported. . . . If the worst comes to the worst, every State must be ready to put into force the sanctions laid down against the Covenant-breaker.

*The Nation and the Athenæum* was equally explicit in condemning Italy's contentions. It believed that Mussolini was encouraged to seize Corfu by the example of Poincaré in the illegal seizure of the Ruhr.

But the action of Italy is a far more definite and unambiguous challenge to the authority of the League than that of France, who can contend, with some plausibility, that her proceedings in the Ruhr came under the category of the matters excluded at the outset from the League's purview. . . . The League must at any cost assert itself firmly upon this issue unless it is to confess its essential futility.

The *Spectator* also thought that the League of Nations faced a situation where failure to exercise its authority would 'weaken it at the best, and

destroy it at the worst.' This journal likewise believed that Italy has been misguided by the example of France in the Ruhr. The Covenant of the League was framed to meet just such incidents as that of Corfu, and if its competency was successfully challenged its influence might be fatally affected. 'The alternative to the reign of law which is offered by the League is a return to the old Balance of Power.' While the small nations may be individually weak, their united opinion is a powerful world-force; and if their faith in the League is destroyed Europe may be set ablaze again. If Italy defied the League, the economic boycott, provided in such cases, should be put in effect.

*L'Europe Nouvelle*, which voices liberal opinion in France, declared that from the point of view of law Italy should incur the most severe sanctions provided in the League Covenant, to which she had pledged her allegiance. Italy's arguments to the contrary carry no weight or conviction. Her proposed defiance, if carried out, would make a dead letter of the Covenant. That pact at the present time is 'but a roof suspended in the air.' For this reason *L'Europe Nouvelle* has advocated local provisional understandings among countries having common interests and neighborhood relations, like the Little Entente. 'It is probable that if Greece had formed a part of a solid group of this kind Italy would have hesitated to defy Geneva.'

*Le Temps*, which is reputed to be the semiofficial mouthpiece of the French Government, is fairly typical of the French press in its cooler attitude toward the League. It thinks that body should change its policies.

The League Council ought not to deliberate in public upon such delicate questions, and its members ought always to represent, not the ideas of an individual or a minority,

but the general sentiment of a Government and a people. . . . The League of Nations should perhaps reserve its strength and its prestige for the great problems for which it was established. It is charged, above all, with seeing that frontiers are respected and treaties are executed. Its intervention should be well pondered, well prepared, and decisive. If it is to fulfill satisfactorily a function as difficult as this, it must not permit itself to be distracted by a thousand accessory matters. The activity of the League is spread over too much surface. It should be concentrated and deepened.

Apparently the occupation of Corfu was not the violation of a frontier, and the controversy between Italy and Greece was not a matter of primary importance.

Viscount Grey, addressing a group of Liberals at his home, alluded to the existing crisis as follows:—

I believe—and I hope that as far as this country is concerned there is such public opinion here—that if to-morrow we found ourselves confronted with something similar to that with which Italy has been confronted, with something which provoked, and justly provoked, indignation among us, public opinion would be so strong that it would, however provoked and indignant, say to the British Government, 'You must use the League of Nations and not resort to the old method of settling this by force.' That, I believe, is the case of public opinion in this country.

Professor Gilbert Murray, who represents South Africa in the Assembly of the League, sent a message from Geneva to the League of Nations Union, in which he said:—

Every State member of the League is bound not to go to war without first trying arbitration. This is all that the Covenant requires. In the recent crisis Italy appeared to intend to refuse arbitration, but eventually, induced by the pressure of public opinion from all the small States of Europe, accepted the arbitration of the Conference of Ambassadors. The Covenant has been maintained.

If the Assembly had not been in session the small States could never have realized their unanimity or their world power. They have induced even the strongly Nationalist Government of a Great Power to withdraw an illegitimate claim. The vital fact is that conciliation procedure followed instead of force. In the absence of the League a general Balkan war would have been inevitable.



#### ECONOMICS AND DIPLOMACY

ITALY'S ironmasters, at their recent Milan convention, demanded a higher tariff on their products because they feared that an agreement between France and Germany might revive competition from the Ruhr. Lord Rothermere and his Pro-Gallic followers in Great Britain are making much of the argument that the French occupation of the Ruhr is helping the British steel industry by crippling its European rivals. *Die Rote Fahne*, which is not an unbiased witness, but none the less has a knack for acquiring and exploiting facts concerning which the more conservative press prefers a policy of reticence, declares that contracts have already been signed between the Schneiders, the great finished-steel makers of France, and Stinnes, the great raw-steel producer of Germany; and between the de Wendels, the principal furnace-men of France, and the Krupps, the largest consumers of raw steel for reproductive manufacturing in Germany. It opines that this looks toward the speedy settlement of the Ruhr question. It professes even to see American financial forces at work in this region, and imagines it detects mining and counter-mining in the Old Continent between the Rockefeller and the Morgan groups. Schneider and Company and Creuzot are associated with the Morgans through the *Crédit Lyonnais*, while the Rockefeller and the Standard Oil interests in general are closely associ-



ated with the Banque de Paris et des Pays-Bas. These great banking rivals preside over the destiny of subordinate corporations established and operated in the interest of Schneider and Company and the de Wendel group respectively.

This journal also fancies that it has picked up the trail of an understanding between the Morgans and Stinnes, who are competing, through the so-called Shell-Morgan group, with the Standard Oil Company for petroleum deposits. On the other hand, the Krupps and the German General Electric Company have close relations with the Standard Oil as well as with the Hamburg-American Company through the Harrimans. *Die Rote Fahne* expatiates in great detail upon the ramifications of these two alleged international alliances, citing by name a score or more ancillary and associated corporations in Central and Eastern Europe, which are said to cover this great deployment of rival financial forces.



#### THE LONDON PRESS

THE huge profits of the Associated Newspapers, Ltd., controlled by Lord Rothermere and referred to elsewhere in this issue, have started in England a discussion of the remunerativeness of British newspapers and periodicals in general. Outside of the Rothermere aggregation, we are told, most of the London dailies are only paying their way or are losing money. Indeed, Labor's organ, the *Daily Herald*, is threatened with the necessity of suspending publication unless rescued by liberal trades-union subsidies. It is even proposed to compel union members to take the paper as a condition of membership, thus, in the words of a witty critic, forcing them 'to subscribe to opinions whether they endorse them or not.'

London's great newspaper trusts, which have previously been described in the *Living Age*, seem to be getting along fairly well financially — so far as the public is permitted to know. Perhaps because the field is less well covered, Liberal dailies, especially the *Chronicle* and the *News*, are reported to be gaining subscribers rapidly, in spite of the fact that the Liberal Party shows few signs of reviving vigor. The *Westminster Gazette*, representing the same political school, has attained a circulation well over three hundred thousand during its brief career as a morning newspaper.



#### FACTION IN GREECE

THE Athens correspondent of the *Times* says that, though on the surface that city appears to the 'unpractised eye as peaceful and as unconcerned as Hampstead Heath on a Bank Holiday,' the feud between the Royalists and the Venizelists was never more bitter than at present. It is wrecking homes, breaking betrothals, dissolving business partnerships, estranging fathers from sons, and creating factions in the world of music, art, and scholarship. The execution of the late Ministers brought these hatreds to a climax.

Not long ago, while traveling by train to Kiphissia, the summer resort of wealthy Athenians, I met an old acquaintance whom I had not seen for many months. I noticed that he was in deep mourning. On my asking whether he had lost a near relative he quietly informed me that he was mourning for people even dearer to him than relatives.

'What are my relatives to me,' he said, 'compared with those brave politicians who were murdered by a gang of criminals?' He spoke with intense feeling. 'The day is not far off,' he added determinedly, 'when we shall get our own back.'

Then, pointing to the black ribbon on his hat, he said: 'Before long this ribbon will be

dyed red — red with the blood of the Venizelists. I have sworn it, and so have thousands of others!’

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#### A KNIGHTLY ENTERPRISE!

THE *Manchester Guardian* has been exposing a scheme, promoted by a certain ‘Lieutenant-Colonel Sir Brodrick Hartwell,’ who is soliciting subscriptions in England to a project for shipping whiskey to America. He guarantees a profit of twenty per cent every sixty days. The following is quoted from one of his circulars: —

I have arranged with an American syndicate to take from me and pay for at least 10,000 cases of high-class Scotch whiskey per month, and as a guaranty of good faith they have lodged the equivalent of over £10,000 in Government securities, also £3000 in cash to pay for shipping to an agreed point on the ‘high seas,’ where the goods are to be paid for against delivery in cash.

My resources permit of me shipping 5000 cases within the next few weeks, and the vessel can carry another 5000 cases. Would you like to contribute from £2 15s. — cost of one case in bond — upward, and make twenty per cent profit on your money?

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#### CHINA’S SOLVENCY?

A WELL-INFORMED contributor to the London *Economist* thus summarizes the problem of China’s solvency: —

The first of these factors is the relation of China’s indebtedness to its resources. In relation to its population, the debt is a small one. It works out at less than five dollars per head. And China’s population is an exceedingly industrious one very lightly taxed. A recent estimate puts the taxation per head as low as \$1.20, which is about one sixth of the average taxation per head in French Indo-China, little more than an eighth of that paid in Siam, just over one twelfth of the amount paid in Japan.

It is probable that this estimate is far too low, for the average Chinese is subject to a variety of exactions which cannot be classed as taxes, but which have the same effect. Even so, however, China remains a very lightly taxed country. And in natural resources it is the richest in the Far East.

On the other hand, relatively to the financial resources of the Republic, as at present administered, the debt, as has already been shown, is a big one — so big that without foreign assistance it appears to be unmanageable. It does not follow, however, that when the unmanageable — that is to say, the unsecured — part of the debt has been provided for all will be well, for the causes of the existing discrepancy between resources and liabilities may continue.

The inability of the present Chinese Government to meet its obligations is due in part to neglect, in part to misappropriation of resources, but mainly to revenues which ought to flow to Peking being withheld from it. And they are withheld because, ever since the overthrow of the Manchus, the Chinese have been unable to decide where sovereignty in their State lies.

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#### COMMERCIALIZED PROPAGANDA

THE *Herald of Asia*, which, it will be recalled, is a Tokyo exponent of Japanese Liberalism, mentions editorially the joint resolution of the Filipino Legislature demanding the immediate recall of General Wood, and the charge that Filipino politicians are making private profit out of their agitation for independence. While declining to express an opinion as to the latter accusation, the editor says: —

Knowing, as we do, the methods of leaders of the Korean malcontents, we are inclined to believe it. As a matter of fact, Korean politicians have been agitating not so much for the purpose of obtaining the independence of their country, which they know is impossible, as for that of obtaining a good living from levying funds from credulous compatriots. The chances are that there is not much difference between the Korean and the Filipino agitators.

## A MODERN NEWSPAPER TRUST

BY K. P.

[The writer of this article was until recently the London correspondent of a leading Scandinavian newspaper.]

From *Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning*, August 10  
(SWEDISH LIBERAL DAILY)

It appears as if an English prime minister in our day cannot long stay in power without eventually coming into collision with the mighty newspaper interests of the Harmsworth family. The change of government in December 1916, when Mr. Asquith was overthrown and replaced by Mr. Lloyd George, was more or less directly due to the ruthless campaign that had been carried on in the Northcliffe Press. The friendship between Lord Northcliffe and Lloyd George lasted to the end of the war, but ended abruptly during the Paris Conference. The cause of this change of front by the great newspaper king was asserted to be that he asked to be named one of the peace delegates, a request that was refused. However that may be, during the Peace Conference a political vendetta was begun against the Prime Minister that lasted until his resignation in October 1922.

The present head of the government, Mr. Baldwin, has likewise made his acquaintance with the dictatorial tendencies of the modern newspaper trust. The Rothermere Press, including some of the most widely circulated London papers, has started a violent agitation to defeat his Reparations policy. The central idea of this campaign is simply that France is right and that Germany must be destroyed. This thesis is now thumped into the readers' consciousness as with a hammer, and apparently

Lord Rothermere believes that through his editions, running into millions, he will be able to mobilize an overwhelming public opinion against the Government.

It must be admitted that he possesses an extraordinary journalistic apparatus for this purpose, a machine that is perhaps the most perfect in existence. For he controls at this moment the greatest newspaper trust in Europe and perhaps in the world, a trust that combines his own and the late Lord Northcliffe's entire resources with the exception of a single organ, the *Times*. In collaboration with his brother, he originally started several journalistic enterprises of considerable importance. He specialized in the type of newspaper which during the past decades has celebrated a veritable triumph in the English press-world — the illustrated penny sheet. This kind of paper is admirably adapted to a metropolitan public like that of London. It gives the news in the form of illustrations of current events, and thus liberates the reader from all intellectual effort, even to a great extent from the trouble of reading. The short texts play a secondary rôle and contain only a brief summary of domestic and foreign news. Entertaining matter, including first of all society gossip and reports from the divorce and criminal courts, occupies the lion's share of the space.

This style of newspaper has rapidly

gained a large circulation and has earned for Lord Rothermere a considerable fortune. After having learned the trade from his older brother, he took charge in 1914 of the already important *Daily Mirror*. The following year he started a new publication of the same class, the *Sunday Pictorial*. Both these were for a long time controlled by the same concern, the Pictorial Newspaper Company.

Lord Rothermere's journalistic success can best be judged by the following figures. During the years 1911-13 the rate of dividends was 15 per cent; 1913-15, 20 per cent; 1915-19, 50 per cent; 1919-20, 55 per cent. During the same period the stockholders received, in addition to their dividends, seven shares for each original share. It has been calculated that during the period 1910-21 the original owners received a dividend on their invested capital of 460 per cent, while the nominal value of their holdings was increased sevenfold. At present the daily circulation of the *Daily Mirror* is about 800,000, while about 2,000,000 copies of the *Sunday Pictorial* are sold.

In Lord Northcliffe's will Lord Rothermere was offered the option of buying the *Daily Mail* and the *Evening News*, Lord Northcliffe's principal journalistic creations. He accepted this offer and thereby added to his readers over 2,500,000. The circulation of the *Daily Mail* is 1,800,000 and that of the *Evening News* 800,000. Both these papers are published by a company called 'The Associated Newspapers,' which furthermore controls about seventy-five different weekly or monthly publications of the most varying kinds. This business also includes an extensive book concern, publishing chiefly popular and easily sold 'literature.'

Lord Rothermere controls, therefore, at the present moment, publications

having a daily circulation of about 3,500,000. This figure represents, of course, a number of readers several times larger, which can hardly be put at less than 15,000,000. Evidently an organization like that, which enables a single individual to pump his views into 15,000,000 more or less empty and easily influenced minds, is a power of tremendous import.

The man who directs and controls this gigantic trust is described as an individual without any special intellectual attainments. Lord Northcliffe was called by his admirers — and with some justice — a great man. It would hardly occur to anybody to apply that term to Lord Rothermere. No one would deny that he is a clever business man and a financier with considerable organizing ability. His capacities in that direction are said to be even more marked than those of his brother. But how far his faculties extend beyond that is an object of very diverse opinions.

It is in any event certain that his personality can be gauged by quite modest measures. He shuns appearing in public as one shuns exposure. He has belonged to the House of Lords since 1914 without having, as far as is known, ever contributed a word to its debates. For a brief period, in 1917-18, he was Minister of Aviation, but achieved no success; indeed his ministerial career was regarded by many as a distinct failure.

On special occasions — as when the present campaign against Mr. Baldwin was started — he appears with a sensational article under his own name, which, as a rule, is placed in the *Sunday Pictorial*, the Sunday public being regarded as more impressionable than everyday readers. Such an article is always preceded by obstreperous advertising. But malicious gossip whispers that these effusions are produced

in the same manner as other contributions which decorate — or deface — the columns of so many London papers; that is, they are written by a competent secretary or journalist and then, after a revision which at times can be superficial enough, are printed under the 'boss's' name.

If this supposition is correct, then Lord Rothermere's methods stand in direct contradiction to those of his brother, Lord Northcliffe. The latter always dictated his press contributions himself. He dictated, on the whole, everything, even his most intimate diary entries; and his own personal style, with its odd, abrupt phraseology, is easily recognizable in all his writings. It was this personal contribution, his therein expressed respect for journalism as a profession, that earned for him his incontestable popularity among his own assistants. He knew his trade inside and out.

For Lord Rothermere, on the other hand, journalism is a business or a gamble rather than a profession. He utilizes his circle of readers in a commercial or a financial sense, and it is difficult to discover any idealistic strain in his activities. All news material is a means toward catching more and ever more readers. Of any work of enlightenment there can be no question, and hardly of any consistent moulding of political opinion. The great masses are politically indifferent and on the whole without an opinion. Politics can therefore be played by this kind of journalism only in the form of violent and ruthlessly managed 'crusades' which set the emotions in flames. This journalistic jazz music is in its way an excellent *réclamé*. It serves the same

purpose as the bright lights and the gaudy porters outside the moving-picture theatres, or the noisy clown before the circus tent. It catches a public.

To what extent this public is really influenced is hard to determine. That the press trust has a following is evident. On certain occasions, as for instance at elections, it may be decisive. An illustration of this is the victorious campaigns which the *Daily Mirror* has on two occasions waged against the Conservative candidates in one of the London districts. A large and centrally directed group of papers, mobilized for a limited purpose, and developing all its allied publicity machinery, can admittedly stir public opinion for the moment.

On the other hand it is uncertain whether this influence is more than momentary. There are many indications that the popular press in our day has only the lightest hold upon its readers and that in any case it makes no continuous contribution to the formation of public opinion. The great electoral successes of the British Labor Party, won without help from the press, seem to show that the voting masses are to a great extent immune to newspaper agitation.

In every case it is necessary, if this agitation is to be successful, that it should be backed by a real conviction and by an earnest personality. Lord Northcliffe undoubtedly influenced to a high degree his readers' views, especially during the earlier part of his career. He had a programme and a will of his own. The inarticulate clamor of the Rothermere organs will hardly find a corresponding echo.



## PAN-EUROPA

BY RICHARD N. COUDENHOVE-KALERGI

[This article forms the introduction of a new book by this brilliant author, to be published shortly by Der Neue Geist-Verlag, Leipzig, with the same title as the article itself.]

From *Die Neue Rundschau*, August  
(BERLIN LIBERAL LITERARY MONTHLY)

MANY men are dreaming of a united Europe, but few are determined to create one. As an object of longing, it is a sterile idea; as an object of will, it is fruitful.

The only power that can make Pan-Europa a reality is the will of the people of Europe; the only power that can maintain Pan-Europa is the will of the people of Europe.

Consequently, a part of the destiny of his world lies in the hands of every European.

As I write these lines, the Fifth Pan-American Congress is meeting in Chile. Russia is working with a will upon her reconstruction. The British Empire has surmounted the war crisis. Eastern Asia is liberated from the Damocles sword of an American war peril.

Meanwhile Europe staggers leaderless and planless from one crisis to another. French and Belgian soldiers have seized Germany's industrial centre. A new war threatens daily in Thrace. On every hand we behold misery, unrest, discontent, hatred, and fear.

While the rest of the world makes progress daily, Europe is steadily going backward. A mere statement of this fact embodies a programme.

The cause of Europe's ruin is political, not biological. Europe is not dying of senility, but because its inhabitants are intent upon slaughtering and destroying each other with all the re-

sources of modern science and engineering.

Europe is still qualitatively the greatest human reservoir on the globe. The ascendant Americans are Europeans transplanted to a new political environment. It is not the people of Europe who are senile, but their political system. By radically reforming the latter we can completely restore the continent to health.

The World War changed the political map of Europe, but not its political system. There still reign in Europe, as before the war, anarchy, oppression of the weak by the strong, latent hostilities, illogical economic subdivisions, and political intrigues. European policies of to-day resemble the policies of yesterday far more than the policies of to-morrow.

Europe's face is turned toward the past, not toward the future. Our literary market is flooded with memoirs. Public discussion is devoted to the causes of the last war instead of to the prevention of a coming war.

This perpetual looking-backward is the principal cause of European reaction and dissensions. It is the task of Europe's younger generation to change this. That generation is summoned to build upon the ruins of the old Europe a new structure that will replace European anarchy.

If Europe's statesmen refuse to recognize this ideal and to bring it to

pass, they will be swept away by the people with whose future they are gambling.

Two vital problems demand the immediate attention of our continent: the social question, and the European question — a settlement between the classes, and a settlement between the Governments of Europe.

The social question properly engages public discussion. It determines party lines; it is being debated in every country. Meanwhile, the European question, which is no less important, is dismissed without a word. Many do not know that it exists. It is relegated to the sphere of literature and Utopias; it is not taken seriously.

And yet, the future of our civilization and of our children depends upon its answer.

The European question is: 'Can Europe, subdivided as it is to-day both politically and economically, preserve peace and independence in face of the growing power of non-European nations; or will it be forced to federate in order to survive?'

To ask this question is to answer it. Therefore, it is not asked — it is suppressed. We do, of course, hear much of European questions in public discussions, but not of the European question in which they all have their root; just as our multitudinous social ills have their root in the social question.

Just as every European to-day must adopt an attitude toward the social problem in domestic politics, so must he in the future adopt an attitude toward the European problem in foreign politics. Then it will be left to the decision of Europeans whether they will live in union or in separation, in an organized international association or in anarchy — whether they choose reconstruction or disintegration.

Only one thing must not happen: the suppression by our responsible leaders of a question upon the solution of which

the existence of three hundred million people depends. Eventually the European question must be submitted to the public opinion of the continent, through its press and its political literature, and through its public assemblies, parliaments, and cabinets.

Time presses. To-morrow it may be too late to solve this problem; therefore we should begin to-day.

Europe has lost self-confidence. It hopes for help from without. Some seek this from Russia; others from America.

Both hopes are perilous for Europe. Neither the West nor the East wishes to save Europe; Russia would conquer it, America would buy it.

Between the Scylla of Russian military dictatorship and the Charybdis of American financial dictatorship lies but a narrow path to a better future. This path is Pan-Europa, and means self-help through the welding of Europe into a politico-economic unit.

Men will object that Pan-Europa is an Utopia. The criticism does not hold. No natural law forbids its attainment. It consults the interest of an overwhelming majority of the people of Europe, and injures the interest of a vanishing minority. This small but influential minority that now guides Europe's destiny would pronounce Pan-Europa an Utopia. The answer to this is that every great historical achievement began as an Utopia and ended as a reality.

In 1913 the Polish and the Czechoslovak Republics were Utopias; in 1918 they were realities. In 1916 the victory of the Communists in Russia was an Utopia; in 1917 it was a reality. The shorter the vision of a statesman, the larger the realm of the Utopian seems to him, and the smaller the realm of the practical. World history has more imagination than its marionettes, and consists of a chain of surprises — of attained Utopias.

Whether an ideal remains an Utopia

or becomes a reality usually depends upon the number and the vigor of its adherents. So long as thousands believe in Pan-Europa, it is an Utopia; when millions believe in it, it will be a political programme; when a hundred millions believe in it, it will be an accomplishment.

The future of Pan-Europa therefore depends upon whether the first thousand supporters have the faith and the resolution to convince millions, and to convert the Utopia of yesterday into the reality of to-morrow.

I appeal to the youth of Europe to achieve this.

## THE HARPIES OF DEVASTATED FRANCE

BY F. M. ATKINSON

From the *Outlook*, August 18  
(LONDON SEMI-RADICAL WEEKLY)

WE know that immense loans, amounting to £1,600,000,000 in sterling value, were raised by the French Government and supposed to be devoted to the work of restoring the regions devastated by the Great War. We have been told that the discrepancy between the money expended and the results achieved constitutes a scandal of the first magnitude; and, on the other hand, we have been assured that the revival of the devastated regions is a miracle of triumphant organization and wise administration. It is hard to know what to believe in the matter, and the one thing that appears to be established beyond doubt is the astounding tenacity, industry, and fortitude shown by the inhabitants of the ruined territories.

Especial interest, therefore, is attached to M. Roland Dorgelès's new novel, *Le Réveil des Morts*, the theme of which is developed against the background of the Soissons region during the time immediately after the war. M. Dorgelès is one of the most distinguished of the younger French

novelists, a remarkable artist, sincere, a keen observer, acute of perception, ardently French; he is no propagandist, he has no thesis to uphold, no political end to serve. It is, accordingly, permissible to accept the picture he gives us as conveying a fairly correct impression of the conditions prevailing in the devastated parts of France.

The hero, Jacques Le Vaudoyer, is a young architect who after the war goes to settle in the village of Crécy, hoping for employment on the vast work of reconstruction all around. He is honorable, generous, enthusiastic, eagerly looking forward to doing good work for France and for the war victims, whose homes and farms are battered down, whose land is a mass of shell-holes, trenches, barbed wire, and rubbish.

There is no need to seek to identify Crécy on the map from the many indications in the text. It is close to Soissons and Laffaux, and the whole country has been completely ravaged. And on this poor ravaged country descend, like a cloud of harpies, all

kinds of adventurers eager to exploit the needs and credulities of the inhabitants, whose one passion is to get the compensation promised by the State and set their lives going again. Traffickers in war damages do a thriving trade, buying up claims for small sums in cash that enable the sellers to begin rebuilding. Contractors flourish, promising everything, undertaking anything, getting installments, scamping their work, supplying materials at top prices, often even decamping with the first payments and doing nothing.

The great Bouzier — the name has its significance — comes along with no definite intentions, simply after money. The resources of the country being only ruins and corpses, he takes these for his raw material. And first he obtains an enormous contract for clearing the ground at prices ranging from ten francs to forty-five francs a cubic metre, according to the material, rubble, stone, cut stone. As he pays his workmen a uniform four francs his profits are worth while, and the State pays. The Boche will pay all in the long run, so it is all right.

Chinese laborers were kept shifting earth at a cost of fifty francs a cubic metre — the inhabitants would have done it for one.

The war victims sent up grossly inflated claims for compensation: those who were fair were left in the lurch. In assessing the damage the Commission Cantonale was advised by an expert in each case; and, however unfair or absurd his report, it was always accepted, unless there was a relative or friend to support, or an enemy to cut down.

Jacques and a friend try to establish a coöperative society, the members of which would combine and put installments paid into a common fund. But honesty and fairness do not score in this scramble: the members are sus-

picious and reluctant to forgo anything in favor of someone else. Sometimes the amounts advanced are more than enough, and then the claimant will not give up a farthing — let the whole house be painted again, tear up the deal floor and put down oak, put in a marble fireplace instead of the country hearth.

The Mayor of Crécy, M. Gagneux, got his claim accepted by the Commission Cantonale, thanks to his son-in-law, the expert adviser, at his full estimate of 300,000 francs, 1914 valuation, which at the coefficient of the moment gave him more than a million and a half. Add allowances and indemnities amounting to a round million, and he drew two and a half millions for a property insured in 1914 for 120,000 francs, including all his crops. And he meant to pocket the money, only build the minimum amount, and wait till the cost of building should drop by half before putting up the rest. The other farmers pulled faces, but only said, 'So long as there's enough for everybody.'

M. Josset's factory at Crécy had employed a hundred local hands. He began to clear the site and rebuild, but on getting his advances he stopped the work except for three or four men to keep up appearances, and invested his 1,200,000 francs in Bons de la Défense, drawing 72,000 francs interest. The reason he was in no hurry to go on was twofold — he would wait for cheaper building prices, and until he could get his workmen on his own terms. When reconstruction was at an end and they could no longer get good wages elsewhere, he would take them at ten francs a day — take it or leave it.

Vauroux, the keeper of the little *estaminet*, put up a hotel and dance hall so resplendent that the first story was higher than the roof-ridge of the original hovel. One of his neighbors who

lived opposite, in a perpetual state of feud with him, hung up in his window a photograph of the estaminet in 1914; so telling an insult for every passing eye to rejoice in that the innkeeper's daughter had to use all her charms to blandish its removal.

Delightful was the case of the sisters Fargeton. The elder was the lucky one, with the finest villa in Crécy; the younger was poor and had nothing but a very humble cottage. The cottage was demolished, the villa spared except for a cracked tile or two. Now all was changed. The youngest made her claim at 41,000 francs; passed at a coefficient of  $5\frac{1}{2}$ , this gave her more than 225,000 francs for rebuilding. So a sumptuous villa rose on the cottage site — with bow windows twice as wide as the elder sister's.

Infuriated and jealous, the elder could get nothing for her undamaged house. But she put in a claim for furniture; and as the younger sister's house grew up from the foundations she would remember something more, a piano, a great cupboard, and add them to the list. The harassed official cubed up her inventory and found that it came to more than the cubic space of the whole house, including the garret-lofts. 'If the pieces were piled one on top of another in every room the ceilings would burst!' All the same, though her claim was scaled down, at the coefficient of  $3\frac{1}{2}$  she did remarkably well, and was able to take some of the wind out of her sister's sails with a superb motor-car!

Bouzier, finding competition reducing his profits on clearing contracts, turned his attention to the dead, and

for regrouping small cemeteries and isolated graves got contracts for moving the bodies at seventy-three francs each, a profit of something like fifty francs. As this first contract was estimated at 20,000 corpses — 'but I have a notion it will be a good deal better' — the affair promised well.

An architect got himself entrusted with work amounting to a hundred million francs. He simply drew his five per cent, farmed it out at three, pocketing the difference for signing plans and dossiers. Sometimes his subordinates were corrupt as well as incompetent, and would share graft with contractors who supplied bad materials, and would pass bills for work never done.

And, of course, all this crew were dead against reparations in kind. The victims themselves wanted houses, but the contractors wanted high prices and monopolies.

'Nothing from the Boche!' cries Labadou. 'Rather than accept a stone from those who burned our houses we would prefer to live and die in the tragic majesty of our ruins.'

All these and many other details are given simply as part of the frame and setting of M. Dorgelès's story; they are not intended in any way as propaganda, but they carry a very grave indictment, which will take a great deal of refuting. The money spilled over the devastated regions for the benefit of the corrupt and greedy was borrowed and squandered in the belief that it would ultimately come from German pockets; what will France think of all this orgy of corruption and plunder if she is left to pay for it herself?



## DOING BUSINESS IN RUSSIA

BY ARNALDO CIPOLLA

[Italy is eager to find in Russia raw materials and markets to employ her factories and workers. Mussolini's secretary was recently reported to be in Moscow for that purpose. The allusions to the A. R. A. — American Relief Administration — are typical of commercial jealousy of the United States abroad.]

From *La Stampa*, August 13  
(TURIN GIOLITTI DAILY)

How does the Soviet Government propose to bring about the economic reorganization of Russia after the Revolution? In other words, how are Russian commerce and industry to be revived under the control of the State? This is the most important question that we can address to Russia to-day. The Soviet leaders have started out with an organization that has existed in Russia for forty years — a vigorous, efficient organization that has survived, after a fashion, the almost universal destruction. This is the so-called *Centro Sains*, which embraces the fifty thousand producers' coöperatives scattered all over the former Empire. Whatever was salvaged from economic ruin throughout the rural districts was saved by these coöperatives.

The Commissariat for Foreign Commerce, which controls trade between Russia and foreign countries, has depended from the outset upon the *Centro Sains* as virtually its sole agency for collecting produce and distributing goods. At first there was a desperate struggle between these two bodies, because the *Centro Sains* insisted on doing business in the old way and dealing independently with foreign buyers and producers, while the Commissariat for Foreign Commerce, which was composed of doctrinaire Communists, tried to absorb

the coöperative societies and to convert them into mere branches of its own organization. For a time the Commissariat had its way, but since 1920, under the compulsion of necessity, it has been obliged to let the coöperatives deal directly with foreign countries, subject only to its general supervision.

Side by side with the Commissariat for Foreign Commerce, the Government has established another agency called the *Gastorg*, for private merchants. The latter is quite independent of the Commissariat for Foreign Commerce so far as domestic trade is concerned, but is under its supervision in respect to foreign trade. Every branch of industry in Russia, except petroleum, is under the control of the Commissariat so far as it has dealings with foreigners. All transactions between Russia and abroad not authorized by the Commissariat are contraband and illegal.

With respect to manufacturing, the Government, after trying to monopolize everything, found itself compelled to grant concessions to private companies and to the coöperatives. It reserves to itself, however, a controlling interest in these enterprises. Under this arrangement a number of trusts have been created or revived, the most important of which are engaged in manufacturing resin, tobacco, mill

machinery, automobiles, and general machinery, and in mining coal. The authorities have kept direct control of the iron and steel industry, for military reasons.

This policy of granting exclusive concessions or franchises to manufacturing and trading firms has been forced on the Russian Government by its desire to encourage the investment of foreign capital in the country. It is a policy that has caused dissension in the Communist ranks, for there are many extremists who oppose accepting the aid of foreign capital under any conditions. However, the iron law of necessity has won, and the Government is now fully committed to a programme of permitting foreign capital to share in productive enterprises. However, great care has been taken to avoid compromising too obviously Communist policies, and to prevent Russia's falling into the clutches of foreign capital. These precautions have resulted in a device contrived by the Commissariat of Foreign Commerce, in conjunction with the Department of Defense, called the 'mixed corporation.' Such a corporation is chartered by the Commissariat for Foreign Commerce, is licensed to do business in Russia and abroad, and derives its capital from both government and foreign sources. It is provided that the participation of foreign capital shall decrease in direct ratio as the total capital of the corporation increases. At the outset, therefore, fairly attractive conditions are offered to foreign investors; though the terms are secret, outsiders are believed to be granted one half interest in the enterprises. While the proportion of capital and of profits permitted foreigners decreases as the business grows, it is not intended to reduce correspondingly the number of foreigners in the management. That will rest with the decision of the Gov-

ernment as the interest of the business seems to demand.

The most important of these mixed corporations organized up to date are the Arcos, which conducts a large business with England, the Otto Wolff, and the Davabristopol. Apparently these corporations have worked well so far, because, with the Government as a shareholder, they are freed from the paralyzing bureaucratic regulations that impede the operation of other enterprises. In addition, they are not subject to arbitrary and unforeseen taxation.

The principal question at present is the permanence of the new policy. Is it a temporary device to get over the present crisis and secure emergency aid from abroad, or will it prove to be an enduring programme? Only the future can tell.

An instructive example of the methods adopted by Western capital to secure a foothold in Russia is presented by the American Relief Administration, or the A. R. A. That organization, which came to Russia disguised as a charitable enterprise, was in reality merely a tool of the Ford Company and of the Standard Oil. The first company hoped to secure a profitable market for its automobiles and tractors; the second had its eye on the petroleum fields of Baku and Azerbaijan. The scheme might have succeeded if the Soviet Engineering Board had not decided adversely to the Ford machines. The tests with the first three hundred Ford tractors imported by the A. R. A. at Novorossiysk were so unsatisfactory that the Russian authorities decided to hold an international competition before permitting further importations. At the same time the evident determination of the Government to keep the petroleum fields in its own control, and to dispose of its oil surplus abroad after its

own fashion, made the Standard Oil relinquish its designs. So in the end the A. R. A., which came to Russia with the idea of gradually transforming itself into a reconstruction bureau, — just as did a similar organization headed by Nansen, — left the country with considerable loss.

The failure of the A. R. A. shows that manufacturing and trading enter-

prises that seek to establish themselves in Russia should do so frankly and openly, and not under philanthropic disguises. They must supply goods of the best quality, for Russia will buy nothing 'unsight, unseen' nor permit unsatisfactory wares to be imported. The Government has very limited funds at its disposal, and cannot afford to buy anything but the best.

## 'T IS FRANCE, NOT POINCARÉ

BY A POLITICAL OBSERVER

From the *Telegraph*, August 20, 21, 23  
(LONDON INDEPENDENT CONSERVATIVE DAILY)

WHEN at some future time the historian concentrates on what was written in Great Britain about M. Poincaré, he may well be tempted to draw the conclusion that M. Poincaré was a sort of superman, who, because of his persuasive eloquence and his personal popularity, made France accept and blindly follow his personally selected policy toward Germany. But a short period of cool observation of things French, and a careful study of the characters of the chief actors, must convince anybody that there is something essentially wrong in the preconceived notion about M. Poincaré as the great dictator. For the observer cannot fail to remark one extraordinary circumstance, so extraordinary that to the British mind it may appear at first impossible. And this is that M. Poincaré is not popular in France.

The observer will discover that M. Poincaré has a nature which repels sympathy. His colleagues in the Government, whom he treats as officials of

the higher class, are afraid of him but do not love him. His officials at the Ministries are not taken into his confidence, and are treated with a dryness and an imperiousness which engender dislike. The President of the Republic is divided from him by a feud of long standing, which has not been lessened by time. The politicians in the Chamber dislike him, and are afraid of his strictly merciless logic. In the nation itself there are few people indeed of whom it can be said, or who say, that they love M. Poincaré.

And yet this man remains in power, and has sent the Chambers for a holiday of four months without a single protest of any importance being heard. Surely if this be so there must be some reason why M. Poincaré is allowed by the deeply democratic French opinion to carry on his policy. And the idea naturally follows that if M. Poincaré is allowed to carry out his policy toward Germany it is because it is the policy of France herself, born of the inner-

most thinking processes of the French people.

Poincaré to-day is France. This was summed up some time ago for me by a French statesman, who said: '*M. Poincaré tombera pour un bureau de tabac — un jour; pour la Ruhr — jamais.*' By this he meant that, M. Poincaré's policy in the Ruhr being the policy of France herself, the Prime Minister, however unpopular for other reasons, would not fall over this question. And is not M. Loucheur himself reported to have said that he is glad that he is not Prime Minister, for if he were he could only continue the policy of Poincaré, with whom he disagrees?

Before such evidence the observer must give up the idea, if ever he had it, that there is a conflict between M. Poincaré and Germany and a misunderstanding between M. Poincaré and ourselves. No, the conflict is between France and Germany, and the misunderstanding is between the French nation and ourselves. For better or for worse one must accept this fact, and substitute the name of France for that of M. Poincaré every time we discuss the situation.

There is not much of 'altruism gone crazy' in the matter-of-fact brain of the average Frenchman. In spite of strong words and graceful gestures, he is, first and last and always, eminently practical, and on the lookout for the ultimate object of his activities in life — comfortable security. From Germany he wants what he considers his lawful due in Reparations and a reasonable safety for the enjoyment of the fruits of victory. A prominent statesman whom I saw to-day summed up the situation for me in the following terse manner: —

'In the relations between France and your country, and between the Allies and Germany, there are two fixed points, around which the whole situation revolves. The first is the fact that

we have taken the money of our citizens for building up the devastated areas; the second is that Great Britain has engaged her honor to pay the United States in cash. Instead of inflating our currency we, by way of loans, extracted hard cash from French pockets, and we are obliged to pay interest and sinking fund also in hard cash and not by book credits. Great Britain, in the same manner, must find hard cash to pay her American creditor. Whatever the final solution of the Reparations problem, the cash in both cases has to be found.

'The French need dictates our policy on Reparations; the British need places a limit to your generosity in the question of Interallied debts. From M. Poincaré's answer you will see that France is ready to pay, and only makes the proviso that the greater the British insistence for prompt payment the greater is the moral right of France to augment pressure on Germany until she agrees to return to a strict observance of the Treaty of Versailles. Mind you, we do not demand a German surrender. The word is inappropriate, because Germany already surrendered at the Armistice. We simply ask for a loyal acceptance and observance of the Treaty.

'If Germany comes to us and asks for fair treatment under the Treaty we shall be glad to give it. But until she has done so we can show no mercy, and there will be no mercy shown. We will welcome the belated desire of Germany to enter the League of Nations. But she must enter the League to observe the Treaty, not to avoid it. Therefore, if Germany is admitted to the League without having complied with this, our just demand, on the same day France leaves the League. In this there will be no wavering.

'We want the Entente to continue; we are convinced that it must con-

tinue; we know that it will continue. We are ready to make the greatest concessions to maintain the Entente, but on one point we cannot give in. Germany must recognize that by spending billions of gold marks on financing her passive resistance she has acted against the Treaty, and must cease to do so. We are convinced that the disagreement with Great Britain is not on a question of substance, but on a question of method only.'

This statement, coming as it does from one of the best-informed and most influential French statesmen, should be considered carefully. To me the most important point is the indication that Germany's surrender, or, to express myself more correctly, Germany's return to the Treaty, will be followed by French concessions to our point of view. I am convinced that this is correct.

French trouble will really only begin on the day Germany gives in. At present France is at war, and takes advantage of this to put off the solution of several most important financial and economic problems. As soon as victory is achieved these troubles will all come into prominence again. The principal one is the Budget, which must be made to balance some day. Then the system of subsidized armaments and offensive costly alliances will have to be reconsidered and cut down. But all this is in the future.

At present let there be no mistake about it; France is ready to go on and on pressing the screw on German resistance, and will not surrender the bird in hand she has caught in the Ruhr for any flight of birds winging across the European sky. The statesman whom I quoted above told me also: 'We are in the Ruhr only to secure payment, whatever people say to the contrary. If Great Britain guarantees to us the German payments, we will clear out

immediately. But I suppose that would be asking too much.'

The issue between France and ourselves is on the question, 'Is the war really ended?' It is not difficult to find out that to the mind of France the German Reich continues to appear as the direct descendant in an uninterrupted line of the German Empire. The great mistake of the Versailles Treaty was that it did not provide for a definite and irrevocable break between the Empire and the German Republic. The latter has never been really encouraged by the Allies, and, representing for the Germans the misery of defeat and the bitterness of Reparations, it could not become very popular in the present generation. The Frenchman, with his eminently logical brain, is accustomed to carry conclusions to the bitter end. What he sees in Germany strengthens his conviction that the German Reich of to-day is but the camouflaged Empire of before the war. And so he continues the fight.

On this issue France is divided from ourselves to a much greater extent than on any other question. One may juggle with the figures of Reparations payments, one may discuss the legality or the illegality of occupations, one may speak of clauses and mention paragraphs, but all this is a trifle compared with the really important question which has been raised between us, of which we all know, and which nobody likes to mention, 'Is the war ended or not?' This issue is not a purely academic one. It has the greatest practical importance. To us Germany appears now as the stricken foe, as the patient stretched out on the operating-table, around whom the doctors are assembled to do what they deem fit with the helpless body. This is because we say that the war is over. But the French believe that the war continues, and for them Germany is a belligerent enemy.



Between a belligerent enemy and the patient on the operating-table there is a great difference, and this is why we are in disagreement with France, and for no other reason.

We can say that never before has France been so powerful in the military sense, and never before has the disproportion between her power and that of the rest of Europe been so great. With her military organization intact, and with her system of alliances on the Continent, France has built an iron ring-fence around Germany. We, who say that the war is over, refuse to see the necessity for all these armaments; France, who thinks that Germany has not capitulated, says that she would be a fool to give up the physical advantages she possesses just now and may not possess later.

Which point of view, the French or the British, does Germany herself support? Do the Germans accept the simile of the patient on the operating-table, or are they inclined to side with those Germanophiles in Great Britain who, *plus royalistes que le roi*, insist upon the power of Germany to resist? I am afraid that Germany has tried to do both things at once — to lie down and surrender herself to the British operator, and to stand up and make a show of fighting against the French invader. Well, there are things in life which cannot be done simultaneously. The chief weakness of our argument with France on this all-important issue has been the attitude of the German patient, in which the Frenchman could

discover sufficient justification for asserting that his point of view was the correct one.

Take the case of passive resistance. The idea is undeniably a brilliant one. A nation stricken on the battlefield opposes to the all-powerful enemy a resistance based not on physical forces but on the spiritual strength of racial tradition and of pure patriotism. What could be better than that? But the Germans missed the point completely, and, instead of presenting the world with a spectacle of a national, self-sacrificing effort, got busy on elaborating a perfect bureaucratic machine for the financing of *ca' canny*. The French went into the Ruhr on January 11. On January 12 the Ruhr coal magnates said that they would supply coal and coke only against cash. On January 13 they declared that they could not do this, because Berlin had telegraphed orders to stop all deliveries. On that day it became already clear that passive resistance would be really a weapon of active warfare in the hands of the Berlin bureaucrats. All that has happened after this only served to strengthen the French view of Germany as a resuscitated combatant.

I have the impression that France has not only made up her mind, but that she knows exactly how things stand, and will refuse to retreat a single step until Germany ceases to be a belligerent. When Germany surrenders, France will be ready to make considerable concessions. Indeed, she will be obliged to make them.

# THE FRENCH IMAGINATION

BY DOCTOR EDOUARD WECHSSLER

[Doctor Wechsler is professor of Romance philology at the University of Berlin. A few paragraphs of his article have been abbreviated.]

From *Preussische Jahrbücher*, July

(BERLIN CONSERVATIVE NATIONALIST HISTORICAL MONTHLY)

IN no other nation of the world do intellect and feeling, education and temperament, seem to contradict each other so markedly as in case of the French. Lucid and logical oratory, and wild crises of popular passion, courteous ceremonial and insane outbursts of wrath, follow in quick succession when any great wave of feeling sweeps over the nation. So abrupt are these transitions that the astounded observer is inclined to think there is no such thing as unity in the French character. . . . But it would be a dangerous delusion, especially for us Germans, to assume that French culture is merely a veneer and a mask, and that French cruelty is the reality. The situation is not so simple.

These revulsions from poise and self-possession to ungovernable rage and madness have often been a painful shock to that nation itself. In 1789 the mood of Paris changed almost overnight from sentimental humanitarianism and ardent loyalty for the King to wild revolt and rebellion. Count de Tocqueville, one of the profoundest students of the soul and the history of France, described with keen irony this tendency to lose self-control, adding: 'The most resistant and most permanent element in human affairs is national temperament' — *Ce qu'il y a de plus résistant et de plus permanent dans les choses humaines, c'est le tempérament national.*

These phenomena of national temperament are the more difficult to explain because they are mysteries even to the thinking Frenchman, to which he alludes unwillingly. Though they recur frequently and unmistakably in his literature, history, and private life, he rarely refers to them and is generally reluctant to acknowledge or discuss them. . . .

Not one of the fundamental concepts of existence and philosophy that modern Europe has inherited from the civilization of Greece and Rome and the teaching of early Christianity has assumed an identical form on both sides of the Ardennes and the Vosges. For instance, imagination and fancy are to the Franco-Gauls quite different than to the Germans. Our native thinkers and poets regard them as noble daughters of Heaven sent down to earth to liberate, comfort, enlighten, and elevate mortals. But to your real Frenchman they are always uncanny and in a sense suspect; he shrinks from their deceiving and baneful charm. Even his poets hold them at arm's length and stand on guard against them.

This difference has left its stamp on our languages. The French do employ *l'imaginative* — which they complete with *faculté* — as a scientific term without any special color; but *l'imagination* and *la fantaisie* always convey an implication of the whimsical and fantastic.

Is it an accident that Molière, than whom no one was a truer Frenchman, with his incomparable knowledge of human nature, brought a Sganarelle and a *Cocu imaginaire* upon the stage? He gave us a *Pauvre imaginaire* in his *Avare*, and even represented a man sick unto death as a *Malade imaginaire*. Gloomy fancies paralyze the will of Racine's Oreste and Phèdre, and drive them blindly to a self-willed death. In many of Corneille's plays *de paniques terreurs* seize upon the heroes and heroines. Théophile and Saint-Amant, the most imaginative lyricists of the 'classical' century in France, burlesqued in humorous verse the excesses of the imagination. After their day, during the era of enlightenment, this gift was banished to the obscure periphery of literature.

But behold, a later storm and stress period, whose children were the romanticists, sought to restore fancy, that exiled daughter of Heaven, to her throne, only to invoke the grim and grotesque spectres that stalked through Victor Hugo's *Notre Dame*, *Les misérables*, *Les travailleurs de la mer*, where the beggars that huddled nightly around the great cathedral, Jean Valjean groping his way through the Paris sewers, and the submarine struggle of Giliat with the giant octopus, were typical creations of the French imagination. So are the characters in *Les diaboliques* of Barbey d'Aureville, in *Les contes cruels* of Villiers de l'Isle-Adam, and in *Les fleurs du mal*, of Baudelaire. The same gruesome impulse to play with scenes of horror characterizes *Les fêtes galantes* of Paul Verlaine. We can easily understand why the German romancer most popular in France is Amadeus Hoffmann, and why the American, Edgar Allen Poe, stands in such esteem among them.

French thinkers strive studiously to keep free from the peculiar imaginative

qualities of their race. Otherwise these would speedily master them. They would become the victims of *visions, fantômes, cauchemars, hallucinations, vapeurs, vaines frayeurs, paniques terreurs, apparitions, chimères, revenants, spectres*. It is such visions of the imagination operating upon an excited multitude that arouse those blind popular outbursts, *les fureurs, frénésie*.

This madness has left some indelible stains upon the reputation of France. It explains, though it does not justify, the Night of St. Bartholemew. . . . During the Revolution, fear of betrayal to Austria turned the people against a king they had loved, and made him appear to them a traitor. The popular terror produced the wildest excesses when the hostile armies were nearest the capital; in 1792, when the victorious Austrians were but forty miles away, the infamous 'September murders' took place. The fears inspired by an overheated imagination made men wreak relentless vengeance upon innocent women and children. In 1793, when Louis XVI was executed, the country people were in a panic lest the land should fall a prey to bandits and robbers. From the Jura to the Dauphiné *la Grande Peur* marched through France, laying its leaden hand of terror upon the heart of peasant and citizen. It was an inexplicable panic, the immediate reason for which has never been discovered; but it was ultimately due to the morbid imagination of the French.

This state of mind was duplicated to some extent during the Morocco controversy of 1905, and again in August, 1914, when the excited populace saw a spy in every German nursemaid. At such times terror deprives the individual of his normal sense and judgment. Gaston Riou, who before the war was a revered leader of movements in behalf of children in his country, and who

was brought to Germany a prisoner, thus describes his arrival in our country: 'The women are more terrible than the men. Their murderous glance, their tense hands with fingers curved like the claws of a tigress, their dilated nostrils, curling lips, and scowls of hatred, made them look like tenants of inferno, like bloodthirsty Medusas.' Minds in this state are prompt to believe the cry of treason. This explains the hatred for Captain Dreyfus, who was charged with selling the plans of mobilization to a member of the Triple Alliance. It explains the crazy stories of cannon walled up behind the masonry of cellars and outbuildings. Whatever the imagination conceives obsesses those people and becomes for them a truth.

The French dread of self-created terrors manifests itself in the individual as dislike of solitude. Madame de Staël testifies to this sentiment in her *Memoirs*. It explains the sociability of the French. The distinguished neurologist, Paul Janet, in his book, *Obsessions des femmes*, calls this malady *la crainte de l'isolement*. And French friends have told me that they must have some person they trust around them when they work, to drive away the blue devils.

We know that some of the boldest freethinkers in France cannot think of death and what may follow death without a shudder. Many an impudent scoffer attends Mass regularly merely as a prudent precaution.

This trait of character often produces tragic popular illusions. It is very old and is mentioned by ancient writers in their descriptions of the Gauls, whose conspicuous courage and presence of mind deserted them when they were seized by these crises. On such occasions they would suspect every man of treason, slaughter their leaders, and commit the most atrocious and irrational acts. Numerous in-

stances of this sort are related by Camille Jullian in his great *Histoire des Gaules*.

The epic literature of the Celts is filled with stories of marine monsters, dragons, enchanted mountains, bewitched islands, magic gardens, and malicious spectres. The Christian legends of Brendan, the Irish saga of Cuchullin, the stories of King Arthur and Tristan, of Erec and Lancelot, illustrate this quality of the imagination. These heroes lived in the same magic world of fable and enchantment that Pulci, Boiardo, and Ariosto later transformed into a merry kingdom of beauty and chivalry. But even at the latter date such creations of the fancy were still regarded with a secret tremor, like that which disquieted many a heart gazing at those ugly gargoyles staring down from Notre Dame, which Victor Hugo so well describes in his thrilling tale.

It took the training and discipline of centuries, a stern cultivation of the intellect and critical faculties, to conquer these obsessions of the imagination. The French had to call the discipline of Greece and Rome to their aid. But such self-mastery is toilsomely acquired and precariously possessed. A reversion to these primitive fears is always possible.

This innate tendency to become the victims of their own imagination often assumes, in case of individuals, a pathological form. Paul Janet, whom we have just quoted, says that *la perte de la fonction du réel* occurs with unusual frequency in France. It deprives the patient of his ability to deal with things as they are, and manifests itself oftenest in the case of musicians, writers, and men of high culture and sensitive emotions, whose minds will work quite logically in the world of imagination after they have lost their hold upon the world of fact.

It must not be supposed that this tendency to horrors is due to lack of natural courage. That would be an absolute misconception of French character. On the contrary, it drives its victims to deeds of desperation, and steels their will even after they have lost the power to reason calmly. Furthermore, we must not forget that other nations are on some occasions seized with similar psychic paroxysms. . . . But whoever has dealings with the French, in war or in peace, is dealing with a people who have two natures: on the one hand intellectual cultiva-

tion, cosmopolitan taste, prudence, and mental clarity; but on the other hand an untamable, impulsive, primitive instinct of fear. The profound remark of Count Joseph de Maistre, of Savoy, is as true to-day as it was a hundred years ago: 'You are a terrible power! Beyond all doubt no nation ever existed easier to deceive, harder to undeceive, and more persuasive in deceiving others' — *Vous êtes une terrible puissance! Jamais, sans doute, il exista une nation plus aisée à tromper ni plus difficile à détromper, ni plus puissante pour tromper les autres.*

## A BATTLE IN CONCLAVE

[The following dramatic description of one of the most critical Conclaves in history is summarized from an article by M. Edmond Renard, originally published in the *Revue Hebdomadaire*. It is based upon the diary of Cardinal Mathieu, which has just been made public.]

From *La Stampa*, July 25  
(TURIN GIOLITTI DAILY)

CARDINAL MATHIEU had been in Rome since 1899 in the quality of Cardinal of the Curia, honored with the particular friendship of Pope Leo XIII. He was the first one to hasten to the Vatican when, on the evening of July 3, 1903, he received the secret information that the Pontiff was very low.

'All is silence, all is solitude. The *scopatori* stand watch in the vast halls. . . .' The next morning he was again called, this time to assist at the Extreme Unction of the dying Pontiff. Cardinal Mathieu bent over his bedside and murmured: 'Most Holy Father, bless France!'

Leo XIII did not answer and closed his eyes. The great Pope was dying almost clandestinely, in the great

silence of deserted halls whose repose and solitude so amazed the French Cardinal.

'Why is this Extreme Unction administered in such a petty way?' he wrote in his diary. 'Leo XIII should be dying as a Great Pontiff. Why so few people at the Vatican, so little commotion, such a sparse crowd upon the Piazza di San Pietro?' However, the Pope did not pass away until the afternoon of July 20, and during that protracted agony the great halls had ample time to become gradually filled with a picturesque throng of cardinals, prelates, ambassadors, noble guards, and dignitaries of all ranks. On the evening of July 12 Cardinal Mathieu was again called to the Pontiff's bed-



side. 'It is half-past seven,' he wrote; 'the light of sunset, intense and golden, expends itself upon the great white curtains of the windows.' A vivid emotion grips him. He draws nearer. The dying Pontiff notices him and calls him affectionately by name, as was his custom.

The Cardinal says: 'Most Holy Father, all France prays for your recovery. Will you deign to bless her people?'

And Leo XIII answers, in French: 'I am very happy to have them pray for me. But I wish that they would desist from their attacks on our religion.'

'Most Holy Father, France is not hostile to religion. It is but a small number of men who persecute the Church.'

'Certainly. But these few are the masters, and the rest do not oppose what they are doing.'

The last day Cardinal Mathieu was again at the Pope's bedside. The bed was covered with a hanging that hid the face of the Pontiff from those who surrounded him. Cardinal Vanutelli gave the dying man his plenary absolution. From time to time the voice of Leo XIII was heard joining in the prayer. When the function was ended the cardinals retired to the library, which was later transformed by Pius X into a study. The library was in disorder, as it had served all kinds of purposes during the Pontiff's sickness—it was even used as a sleeping-room and as a pharmacy.

At two o'clock in the afternoon Cardinal Mathieu, who was utterly exhausted, asked a scopatore to take him to the supreme Pontiff's private kitchen, where he had a bite and refreshed himself with a glass of wine. When he reentered the bedchamber, he saw Cardinal Rampolla kneeling in one corner. Some words of the dying

Father to the physician and to his faithful chamberlain Centra indistinctly reached the Cardinal's ear, but his moans and his difficult breathing were more audible. The end was at hand. The hanging was taken off the bed, and the Pope's face, with his mouth open, appeared. His eyelids opened once more, and then closed forever over those large eyes where such a bright fire used to glow.

At nine o'clock in the evening Cardinal Mathieu returned to the Vatican. There was not much of a crowd in the Piazza di San Pietro. In the Court of San Damaso there was not a soul. Neither was there anyone upon the stairs. Had the great Vatican become a desert? In the Hall of the Swiss Guards were only four sentries, who presented arms; in the next hall were three scopatori; the following antechambers were empty. The prelate crossed them, amazed by such utter silence, where even the sound of his steps was muffled by heavy carpets, and entered the chamber where the Pontiff had passed away in the afternoon. Leo XIII lay upon the same bed, his body vested in the ceremonial purple, but without his pectoral cross or his ring. The Noble Guards and four San Pietro penitents watched at the deathbed. What solitude! What loneliness! It affected the Cardinal profoundly. He knelt and prayed for a long time. Then, returning to his house, he noted in his diary:—

'This abandonment, this solitude, this utter forsakenness, poignantly proclaim the transitoriness of pontifical pomp and power. *Sic transit*. . . . Throngs of people will surround him to-morrow, and he will be the centre of an elaborate ceremonial. But the poor corpse, without courtiers, was painful to behold.'

However, even before the funeral took place, Catholic Rome was throb-

bing with the 'electoral fever—a contagious malady, whose germ no one will succeed in eradicating. Ordinarily, no one dies from it, and one usually recovers in a few days or weeks; but many retain for a long time their dyspepsia and dark humors. . . . We shall enter the Conclave Wednesday evening. It is absolutely impossible to foresee who will be elected Pope.'

Rampolla's name was in the mind, not only of Cardinal Mathieu, but of a majority of the French and Spanish members of the Sacred College. The votes of the German cardinals were expected to go to Oreglia or Gotti. The French Government itself, in spite of the pretended indifference of Combes, its anticlerical Premier, actively favored Rampolla. Its Foreign Minister, Delcassé, called the French cardinals together before their departure for Rome—only four out of the six responded to his invitation—and, after explaining that he did not wish to interfere with the independence of the Sacred College, 'appealed to their patriotism' to vote for a candidate who was 'of moderate ideas and friendly to France.' And at Rome, on the eve of the Conclave, the French Cardinals held caucuses to devise common tactics to further Rampolla's election. The 'Conclave fever' reached an unprecedented temperature. The German Cardinal Kopp, Archbishop of Breslau, 'a colossus, a German general in the garb of a priest,' tried to compromise with his French confrères, by offering to support any candidate they proposed except Rampolla. And the Cardinal of Krakow—who eventually pronounced Emperor Francis Joseph's veto to the election of Rampolla—gave Cardinal Mathieu no peace. The latter wrote in his diary:—

'He came to see me, spoke a great deal about the Holy Spirit, embraced me several times. But the Holy Spirit

seems to have inspired him with a singular antipathy to Cardinal Rampolla. "I wish—we wish," he says, "a Pope that would make politics a means, not an end. . . ." He repeats his insinuations to me at every step.'

Finally, the Conclave convened. Cardinal Mathieu occupied cell No. 26 in the Congregation Hall. The weather was cool—pleasant for a Roman August. He ate at a common table with a dozen other cardinals. Mass was said every day. Cardinal Mathieu never failed to attend the *fumata*—burning of votes—after each ballot. 'The time between balloting,' he wrote, 'passes in chatting, strolling, praying, sighing for the end of it all. We sleep and eat but little. However, the life is not tedious, and we feel that we are suffering personal discomfort for the common weal.'

Saturday evening there were twenty-nine votes for Rampolla. A minimum of 42—two thirds—was required for the election. Cold, impassive, the imposing Cardinal never made a move to win more votes. On the morning of the third day of the Conclave Cardinal Puzyna, Archbishop of Krakow, rose—the first *coup de scène* was preparing. He read in Italian the veto against Rampolla issued in the name of His Apostolic Majesty the Emperor and the King of Hungary. Rampolla, pale, rose and protested briefly, in words of firmness and dignity. The intervention of a secular power violated the authority of the Conclave and the independence of the Church.

After all, the veto was superfluous because, observes M. Renard, Rampolla would not have been elected anyhow. However, the confusion in the Conclave was great. Cardinal Oreglia vainly pronounced Cardinal Puzyna's declaration null and void. No one could help seeing that 'the Austrian veto makes the election

of Rampolla a delicate matter. Cardinals surround Rampolla and shake his hand, but already a few of his former adherents keep aloof.'

The French cardinals agreed that the best way of protesting against the veto was to continue to vote for Rampolla. The Holy Spirit was absent: it was a real battle. After this Rampolla actually appealed for support, stating that now his candidacy represented the liberty of the Church. At the next ballot he had one more vote, or thirty in all. The majority went to Cardinal Sarto. *Coup de scène* number two. Who knows Cardinal Sarto? Bewildered by the sudden prevalence of his own name over that of the other candidates, the good Patriarch of Venice publicly entreated his colleagues 'not to joke,' not to vote for him; for he considered himself incompetent and unworthy to hold the keys of Saint Peter.

In his utter humility the aged prelate of Venice, who had in his pocket a return ticket to that city, could not conceive the possibility of becoming Pope, of being the successor of Leo XIII, of usurping the assumed place of aristocratic Rampolla. 'In the name of Heaven, do not vote for me!' But the thing was already virtually done; matters took their own course. 'After supper, little circles gather in the beautiful galleries, while the golden light slowly dies upon the immense windowpanes. Preferences and antipathies, temperaments and characters, manifest themselves openly.' Cardinal Mathieu opposed the election of Sarto on the ground that 'he does not know the French language, neither does he know anything at all about our country,' and he proposed the candidacy of Di Pietro.

As in the Homeric poems, the night falls upon the hushed battle of the Conclave, and the next morning,

Monday, the cardinals find themselves again in the Cappella Paolina, praying for the success of the third day of elections. But, united as they seem in this prayer, the members of the Sacred College at once resume their rivalries.

The same Monday, at seven o'clock in the evening, Cardinal Mathieu asked Cardinal Sarto to receive him privately. He wanted to know him, to hear him, to see him closely. 'I told him,' he later wrote in his diary, 'that I had to make sure of my devotion to him, that I should be glad to give him my vote the next morning, that he would never have a more devoted cardinal than the French Cardinal of the Curia. He answered me that he was embarrassed by his lack of knowledge of French, to which I said that this could be repaired soon, adding that I counted upon his kindness to our poor country and imploring his benediction for it. I knelt before him, and he pronounced the benediction. Afterward he thanked me, assured me of his affection for our country, and I left him deeply moved.'

But another matter still preoccupied the zealous French cardinal. Tuesday morning, on his way to Mass, he met Cardinal Satolli in the Ducal Hall. He accosted him and asked: 'Who will be Secretary of State?' Adding insinuatingly: 'Agliardi would suit me.'

'Impossible,' replied Satolli, 'because he is to be Nuncio to Vienna. The best candidate is Vanutelli, who has not been involved in negotiations with the Great Powers, and has not compromised himself with any of them.'

Thereupon Cardinal Mathieu went at once to Vanutelli, expressing his hope that he would be Secretary of State under the new Pontiff; and when that cardinal appeared reluctant, Monseigneur Mathieu induced the French cardinals to call upon him in a body and urge him to accept Rampolla's former

post. If they could not elect their Pope, the French cardinals intended at least to have their own Secretary of State, recalling what a French king once said to the Vatican Ambassador: 'Generally the Pope dispenses benedictions and indulgences. The Secre-

tary of State transacts the public business.'

The next morning was the decisive sitting of the Conclave. Sarto was elected. And Cardinal Mathieu commented in his diary: 'It was the only way to end the matter.'

## MEMORIES OF CARUSO'S BOYHOOD

BY PROFESSOR ALFONSO VITOLO

*From Neue Freie Presse, August 1*  
(VIENNA LIBERAL DAILY)

AFTER Enrico Caruso's death a flood of memories and anecdotes relating to the great artist's maturer years filled the press. My acquaintance with Enrico dates from his childhood, when I knew him and his brother, Giovannino, intimately. The latter is still my close friend.

At that time I lived with my parents in Naples. Our home was close to the church of Santa Anna in the Via Arenaccia. We had a wonderful view from the terrace in front of our house. Nearly opposite, and only a few steps away, was a large building with an extensive garden, whose charm was increased by a group of magnificent old trees that rose beyond its lofty wall. That portion of the grounds next to the wall was used as a timber yard, and several rooms in the large building were occupied with woodworking shops and machinery.

Caruso's father, Don Marcellino, was the porter of this building. I still recall distinctly the tanned countenance of this good-natured, robust man in a workman's blue jacket, who was

invariably busily occupied with one task or another from early morning until late at night. He seldom left the house. I do not recall ever having seen him outside the building or its grounds.

Don Marcellino's wife died. Partly on account of his child, the father married a second time. Three children were born of this marriage; a boy, Giovannino, and two girls.

I remember well what glorious summer evenings we used to have. Enrico would play in the garden, climb up upon the great piles of timber, and perch himself on the high wall that surrounded the building and its grounds. Then he would begin to sing our pensive Neapolitan folk songs. His voice was so remarkable, even then, that the people of the neighborhood would gather at their windows and balconies to listen to him.

I used to stand on the terrace in front of our house to enjoy his singing, and admire the glorious oleander trees, the red carnation beds, distant Vesuvius, the magic beauty of the Bay in its evening repose, and the long lines of

light extending in either direction toward Pompeii and Posilipo, until this vision of earthly paradise slowly grew dimmer and faded into darkness. When Enrico stopped singing a ripple of applause from the neighboring houses invariably greeted the young artist. The proud little lad would often give as an encore a song by Salvatore di Giacomo, or Ferdinando Russo, those faithful interpreters of the Neapolitan soul, whose ballads are still sung by every street lad of the city.

If Naples did not sing she would expire. Music and nature's beauty are her breath of life.

It was customary then, as it is to-day, for the sacristan to stand at the portal of the church every Sunday morning shortly before ten o'clock, jangling a bell and calling, in order to attract the attention of the faithful passing by: '*Allungate il passo, che la messa esce!*'—'Hasten your steps; Mass is beginning!' Many times the church could not hold the worshippers. I attended with my mother, who always wore a veil, as was the custom in southern Italy. The climax of the service was when Caruso sang. Thereupon the eyes of the congregation would involuntarily turn to the singer instead of to the high altar. I used to steal away from my mother's side to the organ loft in order to be nearer 'Enricuccio,' as we boys used to call our playmate.

When my twin brothers were born my father had a special Mass said and Enricuccio was present. We took him home with us and loaded him with the flowers and sweetmeats so lavishly provided at our southern celebrations.

I was a student at the Istituto Pontano, near the Cathedral of San Gennaro, an establishment famous for its excellent methods of instruction. My nurse always accompanied me to school. Our route took us past an old

corner house, the lower story of which was occupied by an untidy, disorderly, private school. The teacher was a little monkish, spectacled figure. I could always see his shadowy form and hear his shrill voice when we passed by, for the two windows opening on the street were invariably open. A constant din informed the neighborhood whenever the school was in session. In order to enforce obedience, the teacher carried a pliant strap about two feet long, which he would lay vigorously over the shoulders of any recalcitrant youngster. People passing in the street were often entertained by hearing the slapping thwacks of this instrument of authority, which quite as often fell upon the backs of the benches as upon those of the squirming pupils.

Enrico often felt the sting of this strap. He told me once that his teacher used more blows than words in his instruction. We recalled him many years later at a chance meeting in Vienna; and Caruso said that, were he to see the old fellow in his audience at the opera some evening, his first thought would be that he had come to punish him instead of to listen to his singing.

When Enrico grew older he gave up his evening concerts on the garden wall, but would stroll about the darkened streets with a party of friends, singing to the accompaniment of a guitar and a mandolin. Late at night, after the windows were all shut, they would open one after another, and white-clad people would thrust their sleepy faces out to listen. Caruso and his friends thus serenaded not only his acquaintances but also strangers, often at the instance of some young lover, who thus sought to ingratiate himself with the object of his admiration.

The Neapolitan *Serenata* consists of a song in the last strophe of which the person to whom it is addressed is cus-



tomarily named. If there is reason to fear that the young lady will be compromised or embarrassed by this, another ending is usually substituted, such as: *Questa serenata è senza nome* — 'This serenade is anonymous.'

Once a young man engaged Caruso and his friends to sing a serenade, naming in the last strophe his sweetheart, the daughter of a wealthy butcher. Her name was Carmenella, and she had raven-black eyes and hair. So, about 2 A.M. on the night of July 16, the musicians started out for Carmenella's home in the Vicoletto delle fate. It happened that this was the feast day of the Madonna del Carmine, which is observed with great pomp and ceremony in the church of that name. It is the church where Conrad von Hohenstauffen, who was beheaded in Naples by command of Charles of Anjou, lies buried in full armor. Caruso and his friends placed themselves in the half-shadow of a gas light opposite the window of Carmenella's chamber. After a short prelude, Enrico sang that beautiful Neapolitan song, *Finèstra che luciva, e mo non luce* — 'O window that was light, but now is light no more.' Everything started out successfully. Carmenella appeared sleepily at the window and listened. Her enamored lover stood a little apart and likewise listened

to the melodious homage he was vicariously paying her.

But just as Enrico sang with passion the closing strophe and the name 'Carmenella,' he was suddenly interrupted by loud cries and revolver shots. The young lady's father and brother had determined to teach the disturbers of their repose a lesson. Happily no further damage was done, except that Enrico lost his straw hat in his flight.

The last time I saw Enrico at Naples he and several young companions were standing at a fruit stand. He was trying to catch in his mouth three figs tossed in the air in quick succession. He succeeded, and his friends — as is the old custom — presented him with a kilo of figs, which he was obliged to eat at a single sitting.

Enrico's brother, Giovannino, and I were thrown much together later, especially when he took over Enrico's military service, after the latter had been in the army only a short time, so that the young singer might pursue his career undisturbed. In my own opinion, this merry and brilliant lad would have been one of our most famous comic-opera singers if he had trained himself carefully for the part. He too would have undoubtedly added laurels to the family name, had he possessed his elder brother's persistence and ambition.

## OVEJON

BY L. M. URBANEJA ACHELPOHL

[The author is one of the most distinguished novelists and story-writers of Venezuela. His novel, *En este Pais*, won the 'Grand Continental Prize' of the Athenaeum of Buenos Aires in 1916. The following story is translated from the volume entitled, *Los Mejores Cuentos Venezolanos*, edited by Valentin de Pedro, mentioned in our issue of September 1.]

Groups of excited people had gathered at every street corner along the main highway, repeating with alarm, 'Ovejón! Ovejón!'

Yet nothing was visible down the broad *carretera* except the sun, the dazzling glare of the sun, shimmering like quicksilver over the white dust.

No one had seen him, but the armed posse that had pursued him from Zuata asserted that they were close upon his heels. They were the ones who had given the alarm. No citizen would sleep to-night with his doors open, as was the custom of the neighborhood — probably on account of the industry to which the district owed its prosperity. I refer to garlic, great bundles of which, with tops like white tangled hair, lay heaped up in the corners of smoky kitchens, along the sides of corridors, and in the living-rooms of every house, and even in the sacristy of the ancient church, after each harvest, and brought many a welcome penny to the pockets of the sleepy villagers.

Ovejón, as usual, had slipped away from his pursuers just when they thought they had him in their grasp. He had vanished like a wisp of mist in the wind, and left no trace. Ovejón had many tricks.

Gradually the curious groups broke up, the members departing to their homes, chattering excitedly over what had happened. It was always this way, a wild-goose chase, and Ovejón

snickering in his sleeve. By this time he might be miles away.

Evening began by casting soft changing tones of violet over the vast dome of heaven — a silken evening of the tropics. Over the bare foothills under the lofty mountains stretched a veil of green — the fresh verdant green of early spring; above which rose the darker, purplish verdure of the evergreens that encircled their high summits. The evening star hung in the western sky, silent and fixed, almost as white as a lily, adding a touch of pastoral gentleness to the scene. All nature had an air of peaceful repose. A parting sunbeam was reflected with a ruddy glow from the vane of a distant steeple. At the ford the clear water rippled between the reedy river-margins with a lullaby murmur, while here and there canebrake and thicket caught a golden reflection of the departing day.

A filthy, crippled beggar, coarse-lipped, his bloated face covered with scars and pimples, hobbled painfully along, dragging a deformed foot whose erect toes resembled little horns projecting from the scrofulous skin beneath. A beam of violet and yellow light enveloped him as he picked his halting and precarious way across the river, hopping awkwardly from one green and slimy stone to another.

In the distance a bed of sedgy grass nodded like a little island anchored in

the current, and the giant water-lilies of our tropical rivers began to open their broad petals in sluggish tepid eddies. At intervals a kingfisher would leave his perch on a teetering reed to dart like a golden flower into the water, and instantly beat his way up again with a whirr of wings, uttering harsh cries.

The beggar supported himself by a long staff. The greasy haversack that received his alms hung by his side; but one could not discern the outlines of even a hard, round corn-cake within its threadbare folds.

The glare of the evening light reflected from the water blinded his bleary eyes, which he squinted painfully as he tested with his staff the solidity of each stepping-stone and cautiously advanced his deformed foot. The slime was treacherous, the light dazzling, and the beggar fell face downward among the stones, his foot entangled in a thorny snag that lurked just beneath the rippling surface, awaiting the unwary.

Attracted by the beggar's startled cry of pain, a man rose and parted the underbrush on the opposite bank. He was a person of medium stature. His flashing eyes were restlessly alert, but a smile of kindly irony relieved the hard lines of his face.

Springing into the river, and seizing the beggar beneath the arms as if he were a child, he lifted him gently and easily to the bank. The beggar continued to whine and groan. His bruised and putrid flesh tortured him at every touch. His crippled foot was bleeding, torn by the vicious thrusts of the thorny snag. Great tears trembled in his bleary eyes.

The stranger lifted his gaze and surveyed his surroundings intently, as if to search the inmost recesses of the neighboring groves and thickets. But all was quiet and undisturbed.

The restful evening silence was broken only by the harsh cries of the kingfisher, when he darted again from his perch on a teetering reed and returned with a whirr of fluttering wings.

The man bent over the beggar, examined his wound, and began to wash it with water from the river as gently as a mother might bathe her child. The blood continued to flow, not violently but sluggishly. Leaving the beggar, the stranger searched here and there in the surrounding herbage, and soon returned with a handful of green sprouts. He applied these to the wound and, since the beggar's apparel afforded nothing suitable for the purpose, drew from the bosom of his roomy muleteer's shirt, which covered him from the throat to the knees, a silk handkerchief — one of those fine handkerchiefs of pure silk that Canary Islanders smuggle into our country. The beggar watched the man in silence. The latter busied himself with the wound.

As soon as the blood ceased to flow, the man applied the bandage. Not the slightest trace of red stained the white silk. A smile of satisfaction flashed across his face.

The beggar muttered: 'Thanks; I'm all right again.'

The man replied: 'You need worry about it no further. That "Skin-knitter" will close your wound.'

The beggar endeavored to rise. The man lifted him with both hands and put him on his feet. He was wet to the skin, so that his rags clung to his body. The stranger took off his muleteer's shirt and gave it to him. The beggar stared in wonder at his benefactor, for beneath this coarse shirt the latter wore a fine shirt of white linen. As he examined him more closely, the beggar also noticed two other details. The man's eyes were remarkably brilliant, and his hair was brown and curly.

The stranger replaced the staff in the beggar's hands, and picked up his haversack from the ground. Seeing that this was empty, he thrust his hand into his own wide belt, from which hung a dagger and a revolver of large calibre, and pulled out several small coins. A gold venezolano came out with them. He glanced at it a moment and tossed it with the others into the beggar's sack, saying: 'It must be yours, for it popped out of its own accord.'

The beggar tried to kiss his hands. Here was a fortune such as he had never dreamed of having. He thanked and blessed his benefactor, following him as he departed with protestations of gratitude. The man turned a moment and called back: 'To-day for you, to-morrow for me.'

No longer did the sun dazzle the eyes of the beggar. The town was not distant. The golden afterglow of the long autumn twilight still lingered. He hastened on, almost forgetting his crippled foot. Venus no longer seemed to be a white flower hanging in the horizon, but a gold venezolano glittering against the satin background of the western sky.

The lamplighter had not yet begun his evening round. His ladder stood against a wall beneath the lamp with which he usually began. He was sitting in the neighboring *pulperia* drinking and discussing with a party of acquaintances Ovejón's latest exploit. He had robbed a *hacendado* at Zuata, and killed a man with a dagger.

The beggar thrust his bloated, scarred, pimply face into the door of the *pulperia*. When those inside saw his crippled foot, they stopped their conversation, expecting to hear his whining voice begging for charity and to see his filthy hand hold out his greasy hat for alms. But the beggar

hobbled to the bar and demanded a drink. His wet clothes, beneath his long muleteer's shirt, chilled him, and he felt both cold and hungry. Taking his glass of rum, he sipped it slowly, nibbling at a dry crust in the intervals.

The others paid no further attention to him and continued their conversation. The lamplighter was just saying: 'I don't know where he got his charm, but he surely has one.'

A Negro cane-loader from a neighboring plantation, fat and smelling of molasses, said with a tone of conviction: 'What he has is a blessed scapulary. So long as he wears it no bullet can touch him.'

The proprietor was skeptical: 'What saves him is his secret friends. Why should he fear a shot from this old cornstalk here, when he is already forewarned?'

A young fellow with an Indian cast of countenance spoke up: 'I wish I knew this Ovejón, so I could get the 500 pesos. They offer 500 pesos for him, dead or alive.'

The fat Negro jeered: 'That 's easy enough. He 's a well-built fellow, with eyes as bright as new coins and hair like bubbling molasses. Go out in the woods and get him. When you bring him, I 'll stand the drinks.'

The lamplighter interrupted: 'I can taste that drink already. There is no brandy like that of a brave boy like you.'

Meanwhile the beggar listened, softening between his lips the edge of a cassava cake, and thought to himself: 'The man at the river. The man at the river was Ovejón. Five hundred pesos for him dead or alive. Ovejón, the monster who has sold his soul to the Devil. If I betray him, I 'll need to beg no more. I 'll not have to walk the streets. I 'll have my leg cured. Five hundred pesos! With that money the doctors could surely cure me.'

As he pondered over these thoughts, the beggar thrust his hand into his haversack for another piece of cassava, and his fingers touched his coins. There was the gold venezolano. A revulsion of feeling swept over him: 'Ovejón must have many more like this. He is a generous giver. He is a good-hearted man. Why does he rob? He is a charitable man. These fellows here would not have helped me at the river. They would not have fixed my foot. How did it happen that he pitied me, when he kills and robs on the highway?' And the beggar recalled the man's bright eyes, his curly brown hair, his stern mouth, and his gentle smile.

The hoof-beats of a galloping horse sounded in the street outside. The beggar turned to see who passed.

It was a man in tall military boots, seated on a magnificent black mare, with a fur robe rolled behind the saddle. He passed the pulperia at full speed, and as he did so he turned his face for a moment. The eyes of the beggar met those of the rider. The beggar gasped with surprise, but immediately controlled himself.

The proprietor stuck his head out to see who it was, but the horse was already lost in the darkness. He merely observed: 'A good mount that.'

The beggar said to himself: 'That 's Ovejón. I saw his eyes. They shone like two new coins. They pierced me like two daggers.'

The lamplighter rose, saying: 'I must go and light the lamps.'

The fat Negro continued to tease the Indian lad: 'Why don't you go out and get Ovejón? Perhaps he will fly into your net this very night. You had better start. It 's a fine night for scouting; but you had better look sharp when you deal with Ovejón.'

Meanwhile the beggar kept saying to himself: 'It was he. It was he. He

has killed one man; he has robbed another. Whom will he kill next? Whom will he rob next?'

Four men came running down the street. They carried guns. Entering breathlessly, they asked: 'Did n't you see him pass?'

The proprietor said: 'Who? Whom do you mean?'

'Ovejón! Ovejón!'

The men gazed transfixed at the new arrivals, repeating stupidly, 'Ovejón? Ovejón?'

The newcomers explained in chorus: 'He has stolen the General's black mare and his boots and saddle!'

'The black mare and the General's boots and saddle?'

'Yes. Did n't you see him?'

The proprietor said: 'Somebody passed.'

'On a black mare?'

The proprietor turned to the beggar: 'Here, you; you saw him. Was it a black mare?'

The beggar answered: 'I could n't tell.'

Thereupon the proprietor suggested: 'Let the colt loose. She 'll follow her mother all right'; to which the Indian added: 'Yes, let her loose at once; we 'll get those 500 pesos.'

The beggar vanished like a shadow; and hobbled rapidly down the street. The lamplighter busied himself with his duties. The armed men hastened off to untie the colt.

A few minutes later the beggar had left the last house of the village behind him, and was lost in the shadows of the broad highway. He stopped at a turn in the latter, where it skirted a dangerous gully, hiding himself in the bushes on the farther side.

In a few minutes he heard the quick patter of the colt's hoofs, for it was a young colt, and farther away the cries of hurrying men calling upon others to join them.



The noise drew nearer. The colt reached the corner. The beggar raised his staff in both hands and brought it down with all his strength on the little animal's head. The colt stopped, half-stunned, and immediately a second blow knocked it headlong into the gully.

The beggar quickly hid in the dark shade of a neighboring coffee-grove, muttering to himself: 'To-day for you, to-morrow for me.'

Venus, poised for a moment in her descent on the very verge of the horizon, glittered like a gold venezolano.

## G. B. S. VERSUS G. K. C.

BY HESKETH PEARSON

[*The Adelphi is a new London monthly, edited by Mr. J. Middleton Murry, a well-known critic and the husband of Katherine Mansfield, the most promising writer of short fiction in modern England, who recently died.*]

From the *Adelphi*, September  
(LONDON LITERARY MONTHLY)

I HAD for years longed to be present at a word-war between intellectual giants. And at last, most unexpectedly, my desire was gratified. It was at the house of a friend in Chelsea. Mr. Bernard Shaw had been there for at least an hour and was just on the point of leaving when Mr. G. K. Chesterton was announced. They instantly started a debate, as naturally as a cat and dog start a fight, and the rest of us grouped ourselves round them, as naturally as street-loiterers surround the cat and dog.

Consider my position. It was both fortunate and difficult. To begin with, my wildest dream had been realized. Here were, beyond comparison, the two greatest word-jugglers of the century. One of them was a greater man than Socrates — yet I knew he had no Plato. The other was a greater wit than Johnson — yet I knew he had no Boswell. Could I, then, enjoy myself to the full and take no thought for the

tomorrow? Did I not rather owe a duty to posterity, and was I not bound to preserve, at any rate, ten minutes of that feast of reason and that flow of soul which, but for me, would be lost to the world forever?

I only had about half a minute to make a decision. Well, I was not conscious of making a decision at all. I simply know that my hand went to my pocketbook — posterity no doubt guiding it there in spite of myself — and before Mr. Shaw had got the first sentence off his tongue my pencil was busy.

Here, therefore, is that remarkable discourse, given just as it came, in the raw, hot from the brains of the mighty disputants.

G. B. S. Have you any adequate excuse to make us for not being drunk?

G. K. C. I am desperately drunk. There is only one form of drunkenness I acknowledge — the drunkenness of

sobriety. As a consequence of not having tasted a drop of wine or ale to-day, I am suffering from *delirium tremens*.

G. B. S. In that case perhaps you will please tell us why you are sober.

G. K. C. That, I fear, is quite impossible. I can explain nothing when I am sober. Sobriety clouds the mind; drink clears it. I would explain anything, at any length, under the calming, clarifying influence of drink. If only you would take my advice, your own style, to say nothing of your mind, would improve beyond imagination. At present your writing is too parenthetical; you wander, lost, in a maze of speculation, in a pool of prudery. Compare with your straggling sentences my crisp phrases. I dip my nib in the pot of Bacchus.

G. B. S. I don't believe it for a moment. Your pretended love of wine is a snare and a delusion. It is skillfully paraded and exploited by yourself in order to catch all the brainless bairns who look to romance to lead them back into the Garden of Eden. Of course you are superlatively clever; no one denies that. And the cleverest thing you ever did in your life was to hang out the signboard of mediævalism. You suddenly realized with a shock that there was no room for a second Shaw among the modern intellectuals. Were you daunted? Not you! You instantly proclaimed to the whole world that you had examined Socialism and found it wanting. Actually you had examined nothing except the state of the book-market, a very cursory glance at which revealed to you that the camp of reaction lacked a brain to give its ideals — or want of them — expression. At the same time you had to admit, even to yourself, that you were a democrat at heart, and your great difficulty was to reconcile your modernism with the exigency of the situation.

So what did you do? You talked about Guilds, about Peasant Proprietorship, for all the world as if Henry V were occupying the throne of Edward VII, and by carefully evading every knotty point in the Socialist case and riding roughshod over the unanswerable, annihilating logic of the Fabians which cropped up at every turn, you managed to rally all the wild, romantic idiots in the country round your banner. Then, in order to increase your following and grapple the converts to you with hoops of steel, you professed yourself a High Churchman and a deep drinker. Your slogan became: Back to the land, back to the priest, back to the bottle. Up to a certain point I am willing to believe that all this paradox-prancing, all this intellectual hunt-the-slipper and anachronistic nursery-nonsense, appealed to you. Whether you ever seriously believed in it, whether you have ever seriously believed in anything, I am quite incapable of deciding, since you don't really know what you believe or disbelieve yourself. But there dawned a day — a terrible day for you — when Hilaire Belloc came into your life. Then indeed you were lost forever. He made you dignify your monstrosities with the name of Faith. For you, at any rate, he turned your pranks into prayers, your somersaults into sacraments, your oddities into oblations. By degrees, under his influence, your fun turned to fury. Because the Roman Church says that the indiscriminate breeding of babies is the first duty of civilized man — meaning, of course, babies born for the Church of Rome — you turned and rent the Eugenists, whose sole crime is that they prefer healthy babies to diseased ones. You even suggested that Sir Francis Galton, a charming old gentleman of unblemished moral character, must have been a prurient blackguard whose loathsome lewdness was fitly

camouflaged by the imposition of this obscene science upon the world. With viperish violence, and under the same influence, you then fell upon the Jews. Forgetting, with characteristic absence of mind, that Jesus Christ was distinctly Hebraic, you implied that all the dark and dirty dealings in the world were directly traceable to the malign activities of that race. You whipped yourself into a frenzy on the subject; you even paid £1000 for the pleasure of saying in print that a certain Jewish gentleman — who naturally sued you for libel — was a scoundrel. . . . And yet we all know perfectly well that you are n't half as bad as you paint yourself. I asked you just now why you were n't drunk. The reason I did this was because in all your writings you glorify inebriation to such an extent that, anyone who does n't know you must assume that you spend the whole of your time in staggering from pub to pub and scribbling your books and articles against the various lamp-posts en route. I, of course, know it's all bunkum. I know that everything you say is bunkum, though a fair amount of it is inspired bunkum. I realize that the only reason you ever go near a pub is to placate your own admirers, who may have come from Kamchatka in order to see you and who would be scandalized almost to the verge of suicide if you did n't stand up and soak your quart like a man.

G. K. C. All of which merely goes to prove that you prefer potatoes to potations. Your natural love of truth has been undermined by an acquired love of turnips. The real battle of your life has not been Socialism *versus* Capitalism, but Vegetables *versus* Veracity. Your case is extraordinarily interesting, and I think I can state it in about half the time you took to manufacture a purely fictitious case against me. Elsewhere I have made it perfectly

clear that you are a spiritual descendant of Bunyan, that you are, in fact, an out-and-out Puritan.

G. B. S. As I have spent the greater part of my life in telling the world that Bunyan is better than Shakespeare, it did not require a superman to point out that I have more in common with Oliver Cromwell than Charles the First. But to call me a Puritan in the old-fashioned sense of the word is sheer folly. All this nonsense about my spiritual ancestry, though an excellent family joke, is frightfully misleading. You must really switch on to something else. It is my firm opinion that nearly all the Puritans in history who were not born fools were unmitigated scoundrels. I must therefore ask you to be good enough in future to qualify the epithet. You can do this in the following manner: 'When I call Mr. Shaw a Puritan, I merely mean to infer (1) that he does n't spend his nights under a table, a victim to mixed drinks, (2) that he does n't write his books under the influence of opium, cocaine, or morphia, and (3) that he does n't keep a harem.'

G. K. C. Your objections to being called a Puritan are puritanical and beside the point. I have written a book proving up to the hilt that your Puritanism is fundamental. You have been unable to answer it.

G. B. S. I have spent my life answering it both before and since the appearance of your book — which, by the way, might just as well have been entitled: 'Gilbert Keith Chesterton by Himself.'

G. K. C. I don't doubt your *belief* that you are not a Puritan. I simply state it as an indisputable fact that you *are* one. For the sake of argument I will grant that you may not be a Puritan with a capital 'P,' but you are certainly a puritan with a small 'p.' That, however, is a metaphysical quib-

ble. The real case against you is not that you prefer Bunyan to Shakespeare or John Knox to Mary Stuart or Shelley to Byron or Ibsen to Pinero — but that you are constitutionally incapable of understanding the Catholic standpoint, which is, I need scarcely say, my own standpoint.

G. B. S. How in thunder can I understand a point of view that does n't exist? Your standpoint is that there is no standpoint. Has anyone on this planet yet discovered what opinions you really hold? Has anyone even discovered whether you hold opinions? There is not a single principle in the universe that you have ever seriously attacked or seriously defended. No one knows anything about you. You have never told a soul what you believe, why you believe it, or whether you believe that there is a Belief. Your whole life has been spent in obfuscating issues. You fight the good fight with all your might — not in order to win, because that would mean the end of your fight, but for the mere pleasure of fighting. You pitch on some opponent, whom in your heart of hearts you secretly admire for the ruthlessness and sincerity with which he holds his convictions, and then you proceed to graft the most preposterous opinions and inconceivable legends on him for the sole purpose of launching a terrific crusade against him. You are just like Don Quixote; and though your lunacy on some occasions makes his seem pale by comparison, you yet contrive in some mysterious manner to be your own Sancho Panza.

G. K. C. Exactly; and anybody but you could see that the combination of these two extremes forms the Catholic standpoint. You might almost have been quoting me when you said that the Catholic standpoint is that there is no standpoint. The only man who can conscientiously take up a definite

standpoint in religious matters is the atheist. The atheist states as a positive fact that there is no God. Thereafter he is able, by a perfectly logical process, to prove this and to prove that to his own complete satisfaction. The Catholic is not so pragmatical as the atheist or the Puritan. His Faith is built on Belief, not on Knowledge — falsely so-called. He is consequently able to appreciate and sympathize with every form of human activity. He takes the whole world to his heart. He loves because it is human to love, hates because it is human to hate, eats, drinks, and is merry because it is human to eat, drink, and be merry. He leads a crusade, not because it is right, but because it is glorious, to do so. He is neither positive nor constructive. He is not even consistent. Every book I write, every article I pen, every argument I use, contradicts some other book, some other article, some other argument of my own. What does it matter? Life is contradictory, and we are Life. We accept Life as a gift from God; we do not accept God as a gift from Life. You Puritans —

G. B. S. I have already told you that I am not a Puritan!

G. K. C. You Puritans, I say, fashion God in your own image. You conceive the truth to lie in yourselves. You would not be content merely to remould the world nearer to the heart's desire; you would recast it entirely to the highbrow's dream. The magnificence of uncertainty, the splendor of ignorance, the sublime impossibility of Nature, the marvel and mystery of this miraculous and ridiculous thing called Life — all this is lost on you. It is lost on you because yours is a world of rush, not rollic, where the station hotel has usurped the wayside tavern, where the draught of beer has given place to the sip of bovril, and where Shakespeare and Homer have been run to earth by

Sherlock Holmes. . . . We Catholics do not pretend to a knowledge we have not got. We see a thing that we believe to be harmful and we fight it. We see a thing that we believe to be good and we love it. We would not take it upon ourselves to say that this is altogether wrong, or that altogether right, because we think that the wrong may be created by God for a purpose, which it would be presumptuous in us to divine. When you Puritans can explain, conclusively and convincingly, how the daisies grow, we will be willing to believe that you can teach us something. Until then you can hardly expect us to accept your verdict that beer was not made for man but for watering cauliflowers, that Jews were not made for Jerusalem but for the financial control of Christendom, that babies were not born for the home but for the laboratory, and that man was not made to enjoy himself but to read Fabian tracts and listen to University Extension lectures.

G. B. S. I think I catch your drift. If a manure-heap close to your front door were fouling the neighborhood, you would n't remove it because God might have placed it there in order to test your sense of smell.

G. K. C. I could n't overlook the possibility that my next-door neighbor might be a Socialist; in which case the manure-heap would have its uses.

G. B. S. You are evading the point.

G. K. C. Points are made to evade. Consider the history of the rapier.

G. B. S. There is no getting at you. You are as bad as Dr. Johnson. When your pistol misses fire, which it usually does, you knock your opponent down with the butt end. Why will you never come to grips?

G. K. C. The art of argument lies in the ingenuity with which one can hide and seek simultaneously.

G. B. S. But what becomes of your philosophy?

G. K. C. My philosophy is in the thrust, not the parry.

G. B. S. I don't see that. You must be able to hold your own field while you are advancing on the enemy's territory.

G. K. C. Not necessarily. If my attack is strenuous enough, the enemy will require all his strength to hold his own fortifications.

G. B. S. And if he succeeds in holding them?

G. K. C. Then I retire, bring up my reserves, and attack him again in a totally unexpected place.

G. B. S. But if he attacks you while you are retiring?

G. K. C. I go to ground.

G. B. S. I see. Heads you win, tails he loses, all the way.

G. K. C. Precisely.

G. B. S. Thank you. I am wasting my time. Good evening. (*Rapid exit of G. B. S.*)



# THE LAND OF SELMA LAGERLÖF

BY ROBERT DE TRAZ

From *Le Journal de Genève*, July 19  
(SWISS LIBERAL DEMOCRATIC DAILY)

KEENLY though they love to wander the world over, the Swedes nevertheless retain an instinctive attachment to their fatherland. Many have fled from it, unable to endure the rigors of its climate or the poisons of its melancholia. They left in quest of relief, but even while they dwelt in milder and more populous lands they have had a feeling of regret for their northern country. No race has sung the praises of its native land with a tenderer love—or a love more mingled with deception.

One stormy day when, on a little steamer that was carrying us through the islands of Göteborg, a Swedish fellow traveler began to describe his long journeys, and to tell me about the inner necessity that he felt for dwelling in New York or Paris, I asked him slyly: 'Don't you like Sweden?' He hesitated. At that very moment, under a fine icy rain, we were turning a rocky island, curved and rounded like the back of a seal. Pointing to this, he burst out in a tone of remorse and passion: 'Yes, I love it! And nowhere in the world have I seen a more beautiful landscape than this archipelago.'

In order to understand why this homesickness is so strong, we must leave the flat, well-cultivated lands along the coast and bury ourselves in the interior. Perhaps this Swedish landscape may seem monotonous at first glance, yet it may very well be this eternal repetition of the same motif that intoxicates the mind. These forests, with their indefinite expanse, these

pinces mingled with birches, these lakes, all just alike, in the end affect your powers of attention and prove too much for you. Wherever you look, all Sweden seems to be greeting you because Sweden is everywhere alike. The Swedish landscape, as if condensed, boiled down, conventionalized, presents itself once for all, and once only.

How can one remain indifferent to so much solitude? By rail and motor I have made my way through this enormous wild park. Never a village, but here and there a wooden house painted dark red, closed, silent, yet apparently inhabited, though it was without flowers and without even a chicken-house. Then the country begins again, with its frame of forests, until the eye can follow it no farther, or else there is a motionless lake, without a sail or a bird, as if it were asleep. In this land where no one dwells the silence is appalling and time itself seems to be suspended. Here you surprise virgin nature which suddenly has become immense, majestic, as it was in its earliest days.

In other parts of the world there is something at once charming and heartening about our civilization. Here you feel yourself alone on the edge of a mysterious gulf. But see! These rivers, which one can discern among the branches, are charged with innumerable logs that they are carrying slowly with them. The procession of floating logs reveals a human purpose somewhere, and that is comforting. In spite of the absence of man, this solitude is no longer a desert, and one waits some-

times to watch the series of cut logs whirling down the current, plunging down some waterfall, reappearing farther down and continuing their voyage. The logs float in close-packed companies, sometimes preceded by a leading log that seems to be directing their way. Sometimes they pause in little backwaters, dally awhile, and then at length start out again.

Though the warm season is so short and so precious that the turn of the sun on the twenty-third of June is celebrated as a national holiday, at any rate during its brief splendor it has a gentle and incomparable brilliance, especially during the nights, which are like bluish-pearly days with the sun gone and seem like some inexpressible regret for vanished daylight — nights that do not really hide anything but lend strange shapes to the landscape, transparent nights in which even human voices change as if amazed, or when faces take on a supernatural pallor, nights like moonlit hours without a moon, or rather nights when the moon is quite dissolved so that it may better mingle its silvery reflection with all of nature.

Dalecarlia, Jämtland, Norrland, the provinces succeed one another, all alike and all delightful, but it is, perhaps, Värmland which has inspired the profoundest love in its inhabitants. Think of the region of Saint-Imier, the forests of saplings with their underbrush of myrtle and fern, then of the Franches-Montagnes with their large pastures and wooden fences, and think also of the mountain sadness that one feels near Emibois or Montfaucon — and that is Värmland. Add to it a lake like that at Bienne, first arranging that it shall not flow down to join the one at Neuchâtel, but be content to stay upon its heights, placidly waiting for that which never comes. I have even found here the same larks with the vanishing

song that haunt the solitudes of Tremalon. Only the Franches-Montagnes are known to no one — though this part of Switzerland does not deserve such neglect — and they have no history; whereas Värmland has seen the unfolding of gallant and heroic events, even though the greater part of them were fictitious, for this is the land of Gösta Berling, which Selma Lagerlöf has rendered familiar to the whole world. Some of the Swedes, perhaps annoyed at perpetually hearing of the justness of Aristides, have said to me:—

'Oh, yes, Selma Lagerlöf. All very well, but after all she is a little bit *coco*. You get fine sentiments in her books. You find picturesqueness, but no deep feeling and a rather superficial optimism. She repeats herself; we have had enough of her.'

I used to reply that *Jerusalem in Dalecarlia*, to my taste, is an epic whose simple grandeur is at once Biblical and homeric, — rather exceptional qualities for our modern times, — not to mention *The Legend of Gösta Berling*, with its dramatic movement and its poetry, or *The Marvelous Voyage* or *The Manor*. Finally I used to explain, speaking as fast as I could to keep them from interrupting, my reasons for an admiration that was already of long standing, and I would reiterate my desire to meet the object of that admiration.

I do not know whether I convinced those with whom I talked, but I was presented to Selma Lagerlöf in the very heart of the Värmland, at Morbakka, a family estate where she does her work. I saw a rather old, pale lady with eyes which were at first uncertain but which grew calm; and then across her wrinkled face a smile would pass — very good-natured and yet a little bit malicious. She showed us over her house and took us to walk in her garden filled with flowering pear trees. Up above spring was lingering. These

sprays of white flowers around a white head, this unknowing youthfulness of nature set against a human old age which remembers much — what harmony between them, yet what contrast!

How good it is to see a writer standing on his native soil. I shall not soon forget those flowering pear trees against a forest background stretching away to

eternity. No doubt the name and the work of Selma Lagerlöf have kept fresh the perpetual homesickness of Sweden's exiles, more than one of whom, scattered here and there about the world, would have envied me that hour, to whose fragile memory I have been trying here to give permanent form as testimony of my admiration.

## BUDDHIST MARRIAGES

*From the Japan Chronicle, August 16*  
(KOBE ANGLO-JAPANESE WEEKLY)

AN interesting study could be made of the reactions of Christian missionary effort on previously established religions. The adaptation of hymns to Buddhist uses has been noted frequently — a matter easily achieved by the alteration of a word or two. In Japan, the living-up of the two leading religions, Buddhism and Shinto, under this outside stimulus, brings them into competition with each other before it has gone very far.

The importance of congregational worship is one of the first things noted, and one of the earliest to be copied. The orthodox Shinto, it is true, makes little progress in this direction except in the way of official ceremonies, but in the Neo-Shinto sects congregational worship is a great feature. As regards a future life, Buddhism, of course, has always had far more to say than Shinto, and it has been natural for Buddhist priests, therefore, to take charge of the ceremonies connected with the parting of the soul. In many instances of late years, however, especially in the case of very important people, the funeral has been the more official with Shinto rites.

One of the holds which, it has been observed, the Christian churches have most strongly upon their flocks lies in their claim to authorize and sanctify marriage. The Japanese conception of marriage is essentially different from that of the West. It is a domestic matter in the first place, celebrated with the exchange of cups of sake; and the registration that makes it legal does not take place until after consummation — and often not until the birth of the first child.

Social opinion, among the upper classes, makes marriage as important, as honorable, and as binding — though with greater freedom in divorce — as in the West, but the ecclesiastics have recognized that they have much to gain by becoming the medium for the union of husband and wife. At some of the more celebrated Shinto shrines there have been many marriages of late years. Some time ago it was stated that they averaged one a week at the Ikuta shrine in Kobe, and they are confined, of course, to members of the upper classes. But such a fashion spreads, and we may be sure that, when it is

recognized as 'the thing,' everybody will observe it.

Buddhist priests have recognized that there is ground to be lost here. The Shintoists have also adopted funeral services and congregational worship. They must not be allowed to monopolize the marriage ceremony. But Buddhist priests have found themselves somewhat handicapped by consistency. They cannot quite rise to the heights of illogicality which make bachelor priests the sole dispensers of marriage blessings and dictators on such subjects as birth-control. They regard freedom from desire as the goal men should strive for and see nothing that they can approve of in marriage.

The Shinshu priests, however, who long ago came to Martin Luther's conclusion regarding celibacy, and take wives themselves, have seen in the sanctification of marriage a justification for themselves, and are now celebrating marriages like any parson. They have evolved a regular ceremony, with offerings of red and white *mochi* (rice dumplings), flanked by a pair of young pines in vases, and accompanied by the lighting of colored candles and the burning of incense. A priest beats the gong, and the ceremony begins. The officiating priest — justifying his description in the Yokohama

dialect as the *takusan hanashi bosan* — delivers an address on the benefits and obligations of matrimony, and requires from the couple an oath of mutual respect and love. Rosaries as well as sake cups are then exchanged. The ceremony can be performed before the household shrine if for any reason the couple cannot come to the temple.

It would be interesting to know how far these innovations are indications of a spiritual awakening and how far they are simply a desperate effort to retain a slipping hold over the people. Anybody noting the lavishness with which money is spent on temples and shrines, and the number of pilgrims and visitors that they attract, would be inclined to think that religion was very active. There is certainly great interest taken in every crank religion that anybody chooses to start; and two of the most successful in recent years have been faiths founded by old women generally regarded as partly demented. Yet there is also a widespread skepticism and indifference, and it is very difficult to assess the totality of the various trends of religious thought. It is probable that, however great a display established religions may make, they will move no mountains. That will be left, in Japan as elsewhere, for something with an economic message.

## A PAGE OF VERSE

### SONNET

BY LADY MARGARET SACKVILLE

[Poems]

ON some triumphant morning when the sky  
Is like an oriflamme and the wind's breath  
Like victory — *then* is the time to die —  
Oh! when I'm mad with joy come to me, Death!  
Not when the heart beats mournfully beneath  
A drizzle of gray moments, drenched and tame —  
Quench not, I pray, the half-extinguished flame,  
Break not the sword that rusts within the sheath.  
This rapture's mine. I'll hold it as a glass  
Catches, close-burning to a point, the sun —  
Let cowards make happiness their daily bread!  
I'll fade into delight as at High Mass  
Music and incense mingle, and not one —  
O Life! — shall dare to think of me as dead.

### WOMEN AND HORSES

BY HENRY F. DERRICK

[Outlook]

WHILE I was saddling her she tried to bite me  
A dozen times and now I'm hardly mounted  
And feeling for the stirrup she wants to fight me.  
Look there! with rapid sideway steps uncounted  
She tried to brush me off against that wall  
And now she shies and plunges, bucks and rears.  
She feels her oats, my pony, that is all,  
There's nothing, not even me, she hates or fears.  
We missed that lorry by a half an inch —  
She hopes to get her head across the stubble:  
Bless you, you'd think she felt the girth-straps pinch:  
That's not the trouble, though we shall have trouble.  
But when we're on the turf I'll let her go  
And she'll be happy then and I shall too.  
No wonder in her stable she found it slow,  
But if I'd left her there, I ask you who  
Would have complained the more? She wants to run  
And does n't want it, since I want her to;  
And playing up is what she thinks is fun  
Until on turf there's something better to do.  
Come up, my darling, damn you! Steady now,  
Or else we shan't get anywhere to-day:  
We'll go with delicate steps around the plough  
And then we're on the grass, and then away!



## LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

### STUART P. SHERMAN IN ENGLAND

HIS archenemy, Mr. H. L. Mencken, having published several volumes of *Prejudices* in England, it was certainly high time for Professor Stuart P. Sherman to pursue the foe even to the British Isles. Since English readers have had ample opportunity to sample Mr. Mencken's obstreperously personal sort of writing, it is extremely interesting to watch their attitude toward Professor Sherman's almost Greek standards; and since Mr. Mencken is so obviously German in much of what he says, and so complacent whenever a German editor reprints one of his articles, it is not unfair to characterize the two as Greek versus Teuton, or, as Mr. Sherman would be pretty sure to put it, 'Greek versus barbarian.'

The opinions of London critics on the English edition of Professor Sherman's *Contemporary Literature*, which has just appeared, range all the way from that of an anonymous writer in the *Sunday Times*, who calls the author 'a great American critic,' to that of an insufferably patronizing individual, also anonymous, who observes in the *Saturday Review* that 'Mr. Sherman, whose name is unfamiliar to us, is evidently a shrewd, practical person with a store of common sense.'

The *Saturday Review* finds satisfaction in Professor Sherman's vigorous assault upon 'the preposterous Mr. Dreiser,' but complains that the book does not deal with contemporary literature, since it includes several writers who belong to an earlier generation; and it inquires indignantly, 'Why call these belated Victorianisms a book on *Contemporary Literature*?'

Arthur Waugh, in the *Daily Telegraph*,

finds the Illinois critic extremely conventional, but is generously willing to admit that 'there is something to be said for convention after all, for convention is commonly compounded out of the accumulated wisdom of the ages.'

Mr. Waugh finds a surprising difference between Professor Sherman's writing and the recent posthumous book on *The Art of Poetry* by W. P. Ker, the late professor of poetry at Oxford.

From Oxford you would expect dogmatism, and you get suggestion; from America you would anticipate freedom and revolt, but find its criticism, as expressed by Mr. Stuart P. Sherman, a very stronghold of tradition and the conventional standard. No doubt it is the prevailing licence of American taste which has stiffened Mr. Sherman's back against the anarchy of the age. His may very well be a voice crying in the wilderness; and it would not be surprising to learn, as he himself indeed suggests, that he has had to fight hard enough for authority in his own country. But in England he ought to draw a sympathetic crowd into the circle of his vigorous oratory. For he has a good case to state, and states it with spirit and conviction. Even where you cannot agree with him in every detail, you are likely to find a great deal of stiff thinking and 'horse sense' at the back of his sturdy discontent.

On the whole Professor Sherman comes off with rather less praise than Mr. Mencken received when the last English edition of *Prejudices* was published, though, on the other hand, he does not meet nearly such harsh criticism as Mr. Mencken encountered from one or two British journals. It almost seems as if the English reader

expects an American author to be either violent or strange, and will have none of him unless he be otherwise. It is to England's credit that it recognized Robert Frost before the United States knew its own poet, but on the other hand why were English readers so chary about hailing the merits of Edwin Arlington Robinson, even while they were hastening to acclaim the thunderous dithyrambs of the vehement Vachel Lindsay?

And as with poets, so it is with critics. The beautiful and brilliant writing of Professor Sherman is mildly praised. The boisterous, semi-Teutonic rub-a-dub-dub of Mr. Mencken is eagerly welcomed, possibly because the guileless English critics fondly imagine that all this is 'so characteristically American'—a form of praise likely to give no very acute joy to its object.

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#### THE MUSIC FESTIVAL AT SALZBURG

THE International Society of Contemporary Music is doing rather more than official agencies to heal the rankling grudges left by the war. Its second annual festival at Salzburg—though not every number performed could be conscientiously declared a work of absolute genius—has brought together musicians and music-lovers of eighteen different countries in a friendly meeting where the only differences of opinion were artistic; and it serves as a fair index of the progress of music throughout the world.

The six programmes were selected by an international jury appointed last January. The jury consisted of two Frenchmen, one German, and one Austrian, who passed on some two hundred works from which they selected, without regard to nationality, what seemed to them best representative of modern chamber-music. As

might be expected, there was some dissatisfaction with the final decision; and indeed the Italian section of the Society, asserting that Italian music had not been properly considered, lodged a protest and officially withdrew at the last moment. But the differences were patched up, and the success of the festival was not seriously impaired in the six programmes which occupied the week of the festival.

France and Germany are represented by seven composers each, Austria and England by three each, Russia and Czechoslovakia by two each, and Hungary, Spain, Finland, and America by one each. Among the compositions presented were several British works which, some English critics complain, are hardly representative of modern British music. They included Lord Berners's 'Valse Bourgeoises' and a rhapsody by Arthur Bliss. Stravinskii was represented by three pieces and a concertino for string quartette, in which the fine playing of the Pro Arte quartette of Brussels received much applause. Modern musical experimentation was represented by a quartette based on quarter tones by Alois Haba, which one listener declared gave the effect 'of four instruments all playing out of tune.'

In the middle of the week there was an hour's recital of Mozart, in order to introduce a healing touch of antiquity among the too aggressive moderns. Other composers whose works were played included Milhaud, Koechlin, Kodaly, Erdmann, and the Englishman, W. T. Walton, whose string quartette aroused some rather violent discussion. The American composer was Emerson Whithorne, whose 'New York Nights and Days' was played by Rudolph Reuter of Chicago. No nation seems entirely satisfied with its share, but the dissatisfaction is largely of the healthy sort.

SPIRITUALIST MESSAGES FROM  
OSCAR WILDE

IN the current *Occult Review* Mrs. Hester Travers Smith, daughter of the late Professor Edward Dowden, gives a series of messages that purport to come from Oscar Wilde, which were taken in automatic writing by a certain 'Mr. V.' The first of the automatic writing was a passage from a friend of the writer and later broke off, whereupon the writing changed, and the communicator declared himself to be Oscar Wilde. The most interesting passage in a rather long message runs thus:—

'Being dead is the most boring experience in life. That is if one excepts being married or dining with a schoolmaster. Do you doubt my identity? I am not surprised, since sometimes I doubt it myself. I might retaliate by doubting yours. I have always admired the Society for Psychical Research. They are the most magnificent doubters in the world. They are never happy until they have explained away their spectres. And one suspects a genuine ghost would make them exquisitely uncomfortable. I have sometimes thought of founding an academy of celestial doubters, which might be a sort of Society of Psychical Research among the living. No one under sixty would be admitted, and we should call ourselves the Society of Superannuated Shades.'

Professor Richet, in his recently published *Thirty Years of Psychical Research*, prints some other alleged communications from Wilde which include his opinions of contemporary writers. Just how one reads the works of authors writing after one is dead it is a little hard to say. Of Arnold Bennett Professor Richet's 'Oscar Wilde' observes: 'He is an assiduous apprentice to literature,' and of Mr. Bernard Shaw: 'After all, he might be called a con-

temporary of mine. He had such a keen desire to be original that it moved my pity.'

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SAVE THE WHALE!

A SCIENTIFIC committee has been appointed by the British Colonial Office to investigate the whale fisheries in the Southern seas. Modern methods of whale-killing have become so effective that there is danger of the great sea-mammals disappearing from Southern waters as they have nearly disappeared from the Northern. Since 1905 whaling has been centred around the Falkland Islands, the South Shetland Islands, and South Georgia. The whalers have been very successful and have made such inroads on the whales that they are becoming scarce.

Although it was long ago replaced by other illuminants, whale oil is still important as a source of glycerine. It was of especial value during the war, but is also needed in peace, being used in preparing both margarine and glycerine. Thus industrial considerations as well as scientific interest make the preservation of the various species important.

Another problem of scientific interest which will probably be found eventually to have practical bearing, is the investigation of the migrations of whale species. Migration is a habit far more widely spread through the animal kingdom than is usually realized. Migratory movements of birds are, of course, familiar, but many fish, several mammals, and more than sixty species of insects are known to migrate in some degree. The whales are supposed to swing back and forth between their breeding-grounds in warmer waters and the colder waters of the Antarctic, which are peculiarly rich in the small organisms which constitute a great part of their food.

The expedition will sail in Scott's old ship, the *Discovery*, which has until lately been in the service of the Hudson Bay Company.

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#### PRESSURE ON THE LITERARY CRITIC

WRITING in *L'Écho de Paris*, Gerard Bauër, a French writer, several of whose articles have appeared in the *Living Age*, voices anew the complaint of the book-reviewer who finds himself completely crushed beneath the steady fall of books from the printing press. "Distrust the man of a single book," runs an old command,' he says, 'but certainly that is not the chronicler of new volumes or the book-notes man of to-day. He would have to absorb two hundred a month if the job were not divided up and if he did not have the gift of tossing aside after a swift glance so many inferior or insipid productions.'

It is conventional to complain of the bitter struggles of the youthful author, but M. Bauër is inclined to believe that French publishers make it a little too easy to break into print. After retelling some stories of the struggles of the writers of yesteryear, he says: 'It is clear that authors are somewhat better treated to-day, and that is only fair; but it is not certain that the new condition of things, which at first appears much more satisfactory, really helps along literary production and the general intellectual level. There are some publishers to-day who have practically organized manuscript-hunts, and simply publish whatever they find. Every day one gets novels of remarkable platitude and folly, pages that are simply written in gibberish, and inevitably the young men and young women who have composed these miserable things believe that from the

moment they break into print a career is open to them.'

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#### NEW WORKS OF GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO

A DISPATCH to *La Tribuna* from the Riviera, where D'Annunzio is staying at present, announces several new works soon to be published. The first one to appear will be *Di me a me stesso* (To myself) — a discourse of the writer with himself, in which he examines his own ego, the vicissitudes of his life, and his spiritual longings and accomplishments. It is said to be a very daring book, unhampered by reticence or reserve.

Shortly afterward will come *Il venturiere senza ventura* (The Ventureless Adventurer) and *L'Archangelo d'Asia* (The Archangel of Asia), in which he resumes his memories of the Orient. D'Annunzio has expressed a definite intention of making his home in Rome.

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#### THE RESTITUTION OF AN UNIQUE KORAN

THE Moscow *Pravda* describes a ceremonial occasion in Petrograd at which an ancient and unique copy of the Koran was formally returned by the Soviet Government to the high Moslem religious authorities of Turkestan, whose representatives came to Ufa to receive the sacred writing.

This copy of the Koran is called the *Imam-ul-Koran*, and is considered the most holy of all copies because it is said to have been written by the hand of Osman, grandson of the Prophet. During the Russian conquest of Turkestan about 1866, General Abramov came into possession of the sacred book, which he took to Petrograd, where it remained until 1920, when it was taken to Ufa, near the Urals, in the southeastern part of European Russia.

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## BOOKS ABROAD

**A Psychological Retrospect of the Great War**, by W. N. Maxwell. London: George Allen and Unwin, 1923. 6s.

[*Spectator*]

WAR poetry, war fiction, war histories, in fact almost every conceivable kind of war literature, have been presented to the public *en gros*; but, as far as we know, this book is the first comprehensive study of the psychological aspects of the war which has been made in English. Comprehensive is a most comprehensive term, and yet this little monograph (188 pages long) may really lay just claim to comprehensiveness. Mr. Maxwell's method is excellent. He considers the essential theories of such psychologists as McDougall, Martin Conway, Rivers, and McIver and puts them to the test of war experience. He shows how far these various theories seem to be substantiated by the test of war, and indicates to what extent, in his opinion, the lessons of war demand their modification or rejection. He supplements his own considerable war experience and observations by occasional judicious reference to the writings of such men as Donald Hankey, Stephen Graham, and Patrick McGill. In short, the book is sound and scientific, and deserves wide recognition and a large circulation.

[*The Nation and the Athenæum*]

It has been said that were it not for women and poets there would be no war. This book will neither promote nor prevent war. Mr. Maxwell fails to make war live, he paints neither its horrors nor its excitements nor its occasional glory. It furnishes another example of the tendency of modern psychology to minimize both the romantic and the sordid in life. This is all to the good in so far as it shows that there are always various motives that lead to every action, and makes us less keen for romance and less afraid of the terrible. But it ignores the fact that to every man life is something of an adventure, and that the moral sense always plays a certain part.

Mr. Maxwell carefully recounts facts that have come under his own observation. He writes with sympathy, and offers explanations which, if not quite convincing, are at any rate always suggestive. Mr. Maxwell is a careful student, and would probably call himself a disciple of Dr. McDougall, though, as he thinks for himself, he naturally does not always agree with his master. We cannot feel that his contribution to the subject is as valuable as that of Dr. Rivers.

**More Prejudice**, by A. B. Walkley. London: Heinemann, 1923. 7s. 6d.

[*Morning Post*]

THOUGH enclosed between a single pair of covers, Mr. Walkley remains our dearest *cocotte* of letters, and the only ability he does not show is respectability. He still continues to take a mild and mellifluous interest in the drama. Whatever the play may be, and whoever the players are, he uses to the full a stall-holder's right to take and make his own part, and we are well content to admit he is always the protagonist in the show, like the spectator at Lucca who, after one of the Marinetti's 'surprise plays,' walked round the gallery on his hands, upside down, and so surprised the public more than the play did or any of its players.

We are glad it is so, that he still insists on indulging his gifts of allusiveness and unexpectedness at the small cost of ignoring the problem he propounds for solution. Always topical, always typical of himself, he is readable in proportion as he is unreliable; as was said of Mr. A. J. Balfour — when he was a Peri rather than a Peer — half his charm consists in the fact that he would sooner face an audience than a problem. Besides, he never takes anything — not even himself — too seriously.

**Labor and Capital on the Railways**. Studies in Labor and Capital. No. IV. Prepared by the Labor Research Department. Labor Publishing Company. London, 1923.

[*Daily Herald*]

THE ordinary railwayman and the ordinary consumer have no means of discovering for themselves whether the railways are really poor, or what they can afford to pay or charge. This little book is the best possible means of finding out. In one section it gives a very clear and concise account of the rise and organization of railway Trade-Unionism; in the other and longer section it shows just the facts and figures one wants in order both to bring out the waste and inefficiency of railway capitalism and to reveal the huge inflation of railway capital, and the vast sums of which the railway companies have successfully mulcted the public. Never, from the shareholders' standpoint, have the railways been so well off as they are to-day.

This little book is as telling as the Labor Research Department's other studies in capitalist machinations. Those who read it will get both



an excellent insight into the railway problem and an armory of useful facts for propaganda.

**Adventures in the Near East, 1918-1922**, by A. Rawlinson, C.M.G., D.S.O. London: Melrose, 1923. 25s.

[Ralph Straus in the *Sunday Times*]

THE book is divided into three parts, to each of which a distinguished soldier has written an Introduction. Rawlinson began his war duties in London with the R.N.V.R., but when the original of one 'Stalky' was arranging that 'Hush-Hush' army of his, the Colonel was naturally selected for an important post in it, and it is General Dunsterville himself who introduces this first venture in the East. His services on this occasion were both extensive and peculiar. He was 'lent' to the new Caspian Government; invented a wondrous 'armored-car,' made for the most part, it would seem, of tissue paper and gum, though no less effective on that account; had all sorts of hairbreadth escapes, and had the satisfaction of making a cool hundred armed Bolsheviks obey his orders on one of their own ships.

Sent again East in 1919, he was ordered to help in the superintending of Turkish disarmament, a task which would assuredly have worried every general from Julius Caesar to Napoleon. He was at Tiflis and Kars and Erzerum, and warned the Home Government of the troubles that were likely to follow. And then in those two dreadful years that followed came the imprisonment — a hostage, they called him, for some of the important Turks who had been sent to Malta — which gave him the sympathy of everyone in this country.

His arrest in Erzerum was singularly dramatic, and that he managed to get rid of his most secret documents was a triumph. The food that was meant for him and his small band of followers, including George, — surely the dog of all dogs, — was eaten by his guards. They were practically starved; but worse was to come, for, after traveling two hundred miles to what was hoped would be freedom, they were ordered back into the interior again. You can imagine Rawlinson's feelings when he had to tell his men this ghastly piece of news. At long last freedom did come, and honors were forthcoming, though not, it would seem, much else. With the publication of his book, however, — and it is not many books which can boast of Introductions by four men of the stamp of Sir Percy Scott, and Generals Harington, Milne, and Dunsterville, — he has the satisfaction of knowing that the public will

thank him, not only for a book of such astonishing interest, but also for one of no small historical importance.

**The End of the House of Alard.** London: Cassell. New York: Dutton, 1923. \$2.00.

[Public Opinion]

MISS SHEILA KAYE-SMITH's new story, *The End of the House of Alard*, is another fine study of Sussex rural life. It is a full story told with masterly skill. It tells of the passing of an ancient family which was not great enough to deal with the problem of a new age, and which came on disaster because it was not worthy. Old Squire Alard's family were not worthy of the position they held. They carried within themselves the seeds of their own dissolution. It is a tribute to the way the story is told that one accepts it as a true document of the great personal changes which are coming over rural England, and of the way in which the old families are relinquishing under pressure their social positions and estates, and yielding place to a new order.

**Dans la nuit européenne**, by Wladimir d'Ormesson. Paris: Champion, 1923.

[Le Correspondant]

THIS book, which consists of studies that have appeared in various periodicals, attacks several of the great and perplexing problems that presented themselves at the close of the war, dealing with such general problems as 'the failure of the diplomatic spirit,' or special difficulties like those of the Ruhr, of Upper Silesia or Tangier. The author, who recently traveled to good purpose in Central Europe, adds an interesting series of 'Traveler's Letters.' With an acute and well-informed mind, capable of handling ideas with facility, he gives food for thought and a basis for discussion, and while he writes he never forgets that he is a literary man of standing.

#### BOOKS MENTIONED

DORGELES, ROLAND. *Le Réveil des Morts*. Paris: Albin Michel, 1923.

KER, W. P. *The Art of Poetry*. London and New York: Oxford University Press, 1923. \$2.00.

SACKVILLE, LADY MARGARET. *Poems*. London: George Allen and Unwin, 1923. 5s.